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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

COVER: Portrait in colors of Miss Bessie McCoy in "Three Twins"

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From left to right the people are: Louis Massen, Chas. H. Riegel, Thomas A. Wise, Harry J. Buchanan, Joseph Tuohy, Louise Galloway, Edmund Breese, Florence Rockwell, Lawrence Marston.

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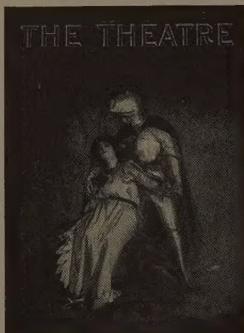
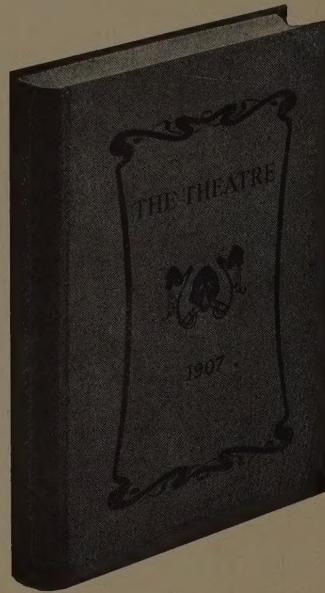
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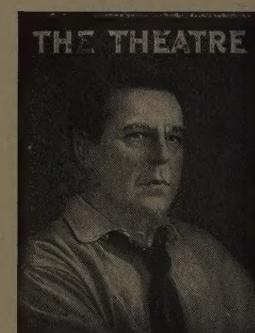
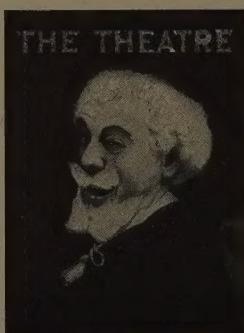
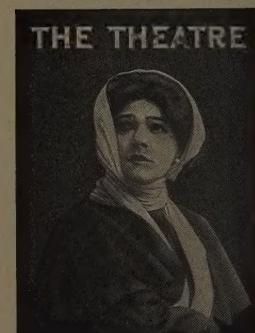
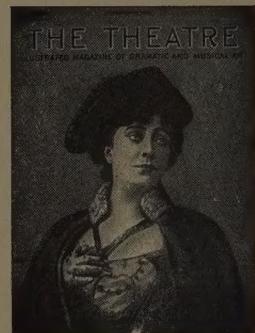
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White

MISS NORA BAYES AS SATANETTE IN "FOLLIES OF 1908" AT THE NEW YORK ROOF GARDEN



Photos copyright F. C. Bangs

GERTRUDE HOFFMAN IN HER IMITATIONS OF MAUD ALLAN'S BAREFOOT DANCES AT HAMMERSTEIN'S ROOF GARDEN

Summer Shows at the Roof Gardens

CASINO. "THE MIMIC WORLD." Musical review in 2 acts and 7 scenes. Book by Edgar Smith. Music by Ben M. Jerome and Seymour Furth. Produced July 9 with this cast:

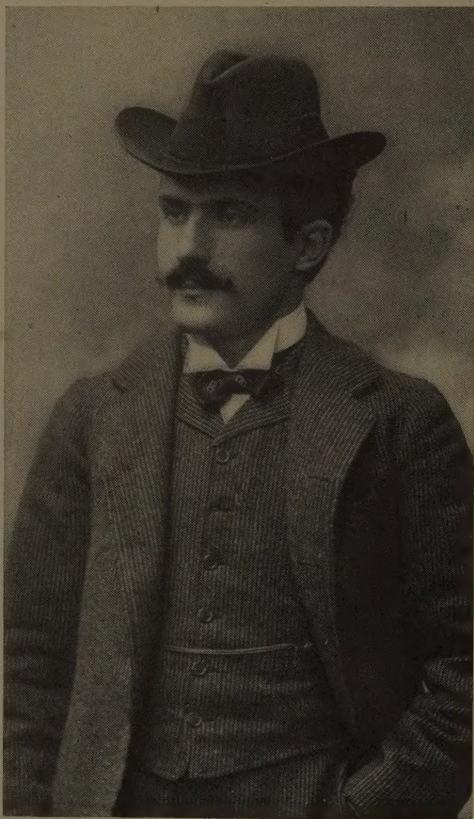
Prince Danillo.....	Walter Lawrence	Kid Burns.....	Arthur McWatters
Lemuel Sawwood.....	Harry Corson Clark	George Cohan.....	Seymour Felix
Jack Witchinghour.....	William Bonelli	Ludwig Knoedler.....	Sam Collins
Colonel Bridau.....	Will West	Henry Schniff.....	Sam Sidman
Mr. Disch.....	Charles Sharp		
Lord Dundreary.....	Roy Atwell		
Richard Thief.....	Frank Mayne		
Tom Sawwood.....	Dave Lewis		
William Sawwood.....	Bert Von Klein		
Artie.....	Charles King		
Captain Champmars.....	Jack Loughlin		
Henri Montmarty.....	Bert French		
Pierre Ambigu.....	Wm. Moore		
Victor.....	Louis Franklin		
Sonia.....	Irene Bentley		
Mrs. Richard Thief.....	Grace Tyson		
Mademoiselle Oh La La and Phoebe Snow.....	Lotta Faust		
Miss Tiny Daly.....	Geo. W. Monroe		
Pamela.....	Doris Cameron		
Kate.....	Ada Gordon		
Violet.....	Marjorie Cortland		
Mrs. Guilford.....	Vernon Castle		
Polly.....	Gladys Caire		
Morey Carey.....	Nellie King		
Ninette.....	Grace Shannon		
Salome.....	Gladys Moore		
Bessie Clayton.....	Mazie King		
Jacqueline.....	Theresa Bercien		

"The Mimic World" is not utterly silly as we might be led to believe by the management, who in a note on the playbill state that they make no pretense at plot, but simply strive to amuse with a review of the successes of the current season. It does need a plot. The book is by a librettist of considerable distinction. It is possible that he cannot write a plot in the summer time. But he would have had abundant assurances of our regard, which we must, for this occasion, withhold, if he had shown any ability to bring any consistency into the action of this piece, while he was "striving to amuse." It can hardly be said that he does amuse. Some of the actors do, but the librettist is a small factor. There are

certain things which cannot be apologized for, among them a bad plot or no plot at all. There is no good reason why a review of this kind should not have some kind of a plot. As a matter of technique, it is interesting to note how little of a plot is necessary to hold the public's attention, but enough of a plot is necessary

to give the characters something reasonable to do, so as to make a consistent action, however slight it is. There could easily be too much of a plot, so much as to destroy the original identity of the characters taken from familiar successes.

The most striking figure among the successes of the past season is Otis Skinner's Colonel Brideau. The librettist here has the figure ready made, the actor has only to imitate. There is a certain gratification in seeing a good reproduction, with certain peculiarities exaggerated and made comical perhaps, but a weak imitation walking through the play banging his stick down on the table doesn't mean anything. Every appearance of the figure is simply a repetition, contributing little or nothing after the first view. The burlesque of "The Thief" is consistent and really contained some absurd but laughable exaggerations. Miss Grace Tyson's confessions to her husband of her stealing are in the best style of burlesque, while Mr. Frank Mayne reproduces very pleasantly, and without offense, some of the distinction in manner of Mr. Bellew. Miss Tyson's vehemence and simulation of earnestness denote an actress capable of a high order of work. The burlesque of "Girls" is



SIGNOR TOSCANINI

Foremost musical conductor in Italy, who will conduct at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, next season

less successful, taken altogether, but very ingenious. The girls in this case are men who are women haters. The figures participating, imitated, are Lew Fields and others with peculiarities easily subject to imitation. W. H. Crane is well taken off by Harry Corson Clark. Mr. Roy Atwell's Lord Dundreary is less successful. A diminutive young actor, Seymour Felix, gives some of the dances of George M. Cohan, but the caricature is too trivial to be considered, clever as the boy is.

Irene Bentley, as the Merry Widow, makes good use of her opportunities. Lotta Faust is effective in eccentric comedy, but it was Miss Grace Tyson who contributed a good share of the entertainment in her special songs. Mr. George W. Munroe, who knows how to be amusing as a fat woman, is particularly busy in the various burlesques, and contributes one of his amusing talks.

There are twenty-seven musical numbers, while the choruses are well managed and up to the Broadway standard. Seven collaborators, or independent craftsmen if you will, are enumerated as the makers of the entertainment. The actors who contributed specialties are entitled to be named among the collaborators. It requires a vast number of people and a great variety of talent to accomplish something that is nothing; but the entertainment serves its purpose, but it would serve its purpose better if there were real collaboration all along the line with some cohesion in the result.

JARDIN DE PARIS. "FOLLIES OF 1908." Musical review in two acts and ten scenes by Harry B. Smith, and music by Maurice Levi. Produced June 15th with this cast:

Eve	Lucy Weston	Latest Parisian Creat'n. Mlle Dazie
Adam	Barney Bernard	Miss Columbia..... Lucy Weston
Satanette	Nora Bayes	Cleopatra..... Billie Reeves
Cain	Bessie Green	Coquette, from Neb. George Bickel
Abel	Daisy Vanderbilt	Ruler of Universe. Harry Watson
A. Mosquito	Grace Leigh	A Perfect Lady..... Lillian Lee
Miss Manhattan	Grace La Rue	A Perfect Gent..... Billie Reeves
Nervy Nat.	Harry Watson	Mrs. Smarte..... Grace Leigh
Leery Louie.	George Bickel	Tony Dresser..... Lee Harrison
Diamond Dan	Arthur Deagon	Cap't of Precinct. Alfred Froome
American Heiress	Elphyne Snowden	Nibsy Hooligan..... Harry Watson
Another	Eva Francis	Nell Brinkley Girl..... A Whitford
Flower Girl	May Mackenzie	Mr. Wischheimer. Barney Bernard
Prince de Jagon	William Powers	Walker..... Harry Watson
Count Boncless	Seymour Brown	Rider..... George Bickel
Duke d'Abooz	William Schröder	Mme. Sneezeankoffsky. Grace Leigh
Earl of Yabra	Billie Reeves	Girl Orchestra Leader. E. Snowden
Goldie Rocks	Lillian Lee	Lieut. Moxie..... May Leslie
Phil Fuller	Billie Reeves	White Rooster..... Elsie Hamilton

Theatricals in the dog days are tolerable only if they are superlatively good, and suited to the weather. When the thermometer is soaring in the nineties one has little mind for the problems of the intellectual drama, and the long-suffering theatregoer also balks at sitting through the dreary swamps of stage imbecility mendaciously labelled musical comedy. But there is one kind of entertainment, the end-of-the-season review, that seems eminently proper in the heated term, and for the nonce Mr. Ziegfeld is its most successful purveyor. After the success of "The Parisian Model" and "The Soul Kiss," the sophisticated amusement seeker has learned to have confidence in the Ziegfeld trade mark, and he is not likely to be disappointed with this latest effort. In novelty of ideas, variety, talent of performers and general smartness of production, "Follies of 1908" is fully up to the standard of the best this enterprising and wide-awake young manager has yet attempted. The chief essentials required for a show of this character are pretty women, an up-to-date book, catchy music, and clever performers. All this is certainly not lacking in this amusing review of the past season's events, which keeps the spectator in good humor from start to finish.

There is practically no plot, most of the entertainment being devoted to burlesques on current happenings in politics, society, and on the stage. Perhaps the best feature of all, and one which sends the audience into hysterics of laughter, is a boxing contest in the grounds of the Smart Set Athletic Club. This bit of fooling in itself is more than worth the price of admission. Another capital feature is the selection of the presidential nominee



Bushnell

ISABEL IRVING

Who will play the title rôle in Percy MacKaye's new comedy "Mater"

by Columbia, impersonated by Lucy Weston, a tall, handsome girl who appears to equal advantage in other rôles throughout the evening. Nora Bayes carries off many of the honors by her clever singing of some Irish songs and Mlle. Dazie gets loud rounds of applause for her spirited dancing. The men are exceptionally good and all distinguish themselves. Arthur Deagon, who plays Diamond Dan, makes a decided hit, and Billie Reeves, Harry Watson, and Lee Harrison have everything their own way in the burlesque boxing match. It must also be said that Mr. Ziegfeld has never succeeded in getting together a prettier lot of girls. The scenery is adequate and the costumes rich and tasteful.

HAMMERSTEIN'S ROOF. GERTRUDE HOFFMAN AND VARIETY.

If there is a breeze stirring anywhere on Manhattan Island, one is sure to catch it on top of the Victoria Theatre, a delightful mid-summer night resort and a roof garden in fact as well as in name. This summer Mr. Hammerstein presents an unusually attractive bill, a leading feature of which is Gertrude Hoffman, who dances barefoot in imitation of Maude Allan's sensational performance

(Continued on page vii.)

Maxine Elliott's Advice to Stage-struck Girls: "Don't"

MAXINE ELLIOTT, who is soon to make her début as actress-manager in a splendid New York playhouse bearing her name, was born in Rockland, Me., in 1873. Her father was a sea captain, and she was educated in a convent. Confronted at the age of sixteen with the necessity of making her own livelihood, she came to New York, and after casting about in various directions for a suitable career, finally decided to go on the stage. Her first engagement was with Edward S. Willard, who engaged her as utility woman. She made her début in "The Middleman," and had one line to speak. Her salary was twenty-five dollars a week. She shared a small flat with a friend, sent her sister Gertrude to school, and made her own and her sister's dresses. Afterwards she went with Rose Coglan on a six months' tour of one-night stands. She next joined the Augustin Daly company, and afterwards went to San Francisco to join the Daniel Frawley Stock company. Thence she went to Australia to be leading woman for N. C. Goodwin, whom she afterwards married and with whom she costarred. She began starring individually in 1903-4 in Clyde Fitch's comedy "Her Own Way," and during the season of 1905-6 she starred in another Fitch play "Her Great Match." More recently she appeared in an English piece "Under the Greenwood Tree."

Like most actresses who have climbed the ladder of success, Miss Elliott is daily bombarded with letters from stage-struck girls who are fired with ambition to follow in her footsteps. Finding it impossible to answer her correspondents individually, the actress replies to them through the columns of the THEATRE MAGAZINE as follows:

"I am deluged by letters which pour in from stage-struck girls from all parts of the country, all clamoring for a 'career.' The majority of them apparently lack even the most rudimentary education, and write with a crudity of expression peculiar to the housemaid. To the few of gentler breeding and better equipment, I will try to speak.

"The stage offers bigger prizes to a woman than any other profession, and for those lucky enough to gain the prizes, life

presents a broader horizon and many of the agreeable pérquises of success. But oh, you stage-struck girls! If you saw a dozen people struggling in the water, and realized that only one or two could possibly escape drowning, your instinct would be just as ours is—to warn others against jumping in. That is why we shout 'don't! don't! don't!' in the hope that it may save somebody from drowning.

"Of course, the warning will never deter the girl who is destined for success. That is not the stuff she must be made of. But one feels the consciousness of duty performed in shouting out the danger.

"Why go on the stage if you have pleasant surroundings and a happy home life? You must give it all up for an extremely uncertain victory that is years and years ahead. Your life will be full of small humiliations and hardships and disappointments, the recurring uncertainty each year of what the next season will bring forth in the way of an engagement, the isolation of life on the road, the inescapable discomfort of travel, of being away from home and friends, and all that makes for your happiness. You will have years of poverty and loneliness and obscurity. The papers won't print fearful and wonderful accounts of how you reduce your weight, or what operation makes your nose turn up or down when you live in a hall bedroom, make your own clothes, wash your handkerchiefs and collars surreptitiously, and dry them on the glass as most of us have done. You are obscure in those early days and are not good 'copy.' So you won't be thrilled with columns about your soothing and luxurious milk bath while your brilliant anatomy is still sore from acrobatic efforts to get clean in the



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general wash room of the sleeping cars. This pérquisite of your success belongs to the stardom period.

"If, however, you are not of the lucky ones with the happy home, if poverty pinches and you must work to live, then, of course, the situation changes. Try the stage, but be very sure it is your vocation. You must have serious ambition and reasonable qualifications—the constitution of a horse, the skin of a

rhinoceros, and that which is perhaps the best definition of genius—an infinite capacity for taking pains. If at the end you see the light, perhaps it is worth it all. That will depend on your philosophy and temperament. At all events you will be a more developed entity, with a truer idea of values, and perhaps the people whose modest achievements seem so paltry to you now in the light of your great ambition will have a larger significance in your eyes when you begin to learn how difficult it is to achieve anything at all. It looks easy, but ease is the lovely result of forgotten toil.

"Remember that Nature on the stage bears no resemblance to

Nature, and the actor who succeeds in being just natural has traveled far in art only to find out how little he knows.

"Nobody can teach you to seem a real being on the stage. The spirit comes from within, and it is only the individual note or expression that gives one's work the smallest value.

"You can train a bright child as you can a parrot, but directly the age of self-consciousness arrives that child ceases to be able to act and must acquire ease and expression by the long and painful apprenticeship in art. It is an acknowledged fact that brilliant child-actors seldom attain fulfillment of their early promise."

MAXINE ELLIOTT.



Byron, N. Y.

Joseph A. Physioc

William Hawley

MESSRS. JOSEPH A. PHYSIOC AND WM. HAWLEY AT WORK ON MODELS FOR A NEW BROADWAY PRODUCTION

Stage Scenery and the Men Who Paint It

THAT for the most part virtue must be its own reward is the scene painter's ethics of his own profession. When, as it sometimes happens, the curtain goes up on an empty stage, and the audience breaks into involuntary applause over the beauty of the scene, such are his crumbs of comfort, and he takes them thankfully.

His own standards are much higher than he is able to realize. In this respect there seems to be but little difference between his attitude and that of the painter regularly accredited to the Fine Arts. But at no previous period is his discouragement greater than at this moment, when to the man in the orchestra scenic productions seem to have profited so greatly by modern inventions and scientific developments, as that, for example, of the electric light. Nor on no other man has later managerial conditions borne more hardly.

"There is no book that gives the history of scenic art. It would be too sad. It would tell only of disappointed hopes, of melancholy failures."

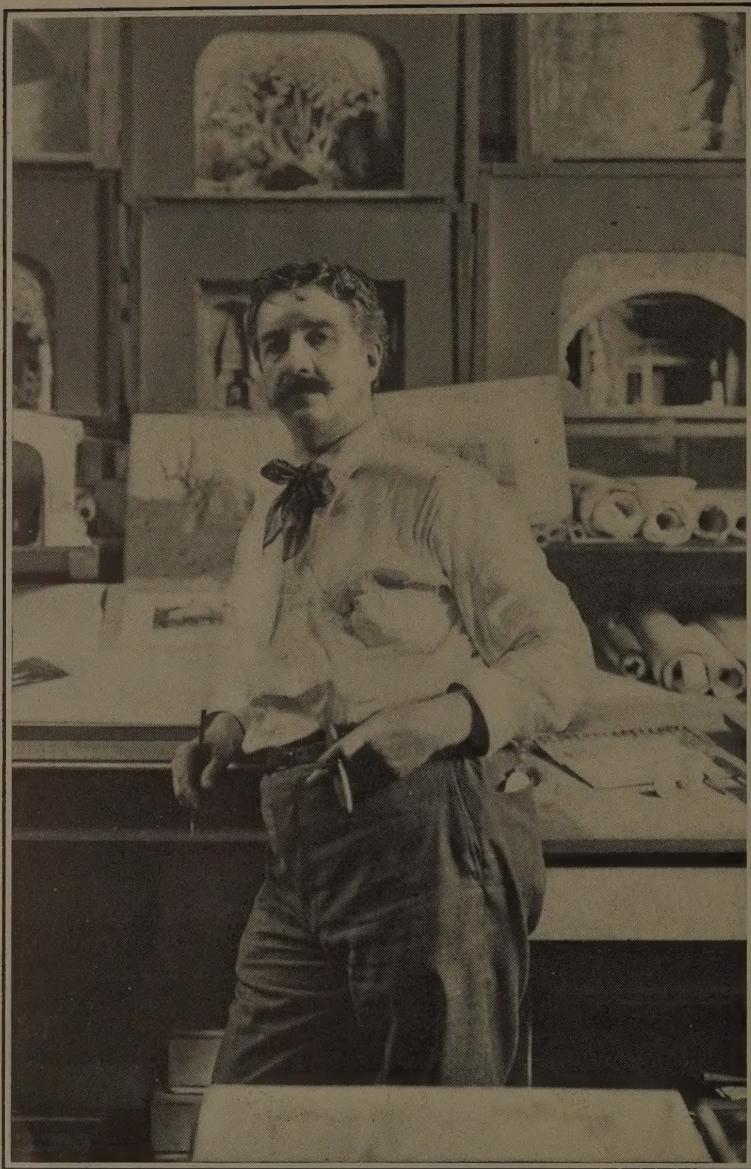
This was said by Mr. Unitt in his interesting den at the Lyceum Theatre:

"Scene painting differs from the paintings known as among the Fine Arts only in degree. The principles are the same as in

miniature painting. The only difference is you have forty feet of canvas. A portrait must resemble the subject more minutely than the scene resembles a situation, but that does not concern the principles involved. But, unhappily, to say that a picture represents scene painting is to make a disagreeable criticism.

"But it should be remembered that in painting, as the term goes, the artist does as he wishes; he consults no ends but his own. It is not so with the scene painter. His painting furnishes only the background, and this as a picture is likely to be thrown out of key because the other parts, of which he has no control, are not consistent with it. The lighting of the stage, for example, may not agree with the atmosphere the scene painter has given the scene. He also has to contend against costumes out of key, and as the living element of the picture is most prominent, the scene suffers.

"But nothing has tended to retard the development of scene painting as has the decay of the old stock companies. In those days the scene painter was part of the working staff of the theatre, and in daily intercourse with his principals. It took time, if you will remember, to produce such scenes as those in 'The Amazons.' This could be only accomplished by having a manager with artistic perceptions, and a staff that felt that pride and enthusiasm which must accompany good work.



Byron ERNEST GROS, THE WELL-KNOWN SCENIC ARTIST, IN HIS STUDIO

"The method of production is now entirely different. The scene painter is not part of the theatrical staff. He is an employee of a firm. He is required to produce as rapidly as possible the scenery for perhaps twenty plays. The greater number of these will be failures, and others must be ready to take their place. This means a large plant and more rapid work. The scene painter cannot follow up his work; frequently he never sees it afterward. He has absolutely no opportunity for individuality, and naturally does not take the same interest as he did in that artistic atmosphere engendered when he was a member of the staff of a theatre.

"The conspicuous defect to-day in stage production is the lack of team work. The men who now control these matters are not distinguished for their keen artistic sense as was the manager in the old days. The commercial element, that has to be considered in view of the number of plays and possible failures, requires that the plays be put on as cheaply as possible. Suppose the scene painter attempts to carry his point and the play fails. He would probably have to listen to such comments as:

"Now, if you had put that girl on the fence and thrown a lot of color around

her the play would have gone far better. See?"

"Well, it is easier since one cannot feel the same zeal as formerly to fall in. There is a story told of a firm of which one of the members thought a chandelier would look well in the scene. So he went out and bought a fine crystal affair. At the dress rehearsal he noticed that it was not lighted, and demanded the reason. He was told that the act took place in the afternoon, and the light was coming in the windows.

"He went to the back of the house where his partner asked the same question, and was told the same answer.

"'Well, light it. Who in h—l's goin' to stop us?'

"The anecdote gives the note which dominates a large part of theatrical production to-day, "Who in h—l's goin' to stop us?"

"Personally," continued Mr. Unitt, "I like the actor-manager. He is a man who knows every step of the business. Mr. Henry Miller, Mr. Hackett, and Mr. Sothern produce scenic results as carefully as they do everything else. Among authors Mr. Bronson Howard and Mr. Augustus Thomas have a keen sense of the proprieties of a scene, and it is a pleasure to work with them. The author is usually a modest man, and does not assert himself as he should do in the production of his play.

"Moreover, he is apt in writing to see his scene in terms of the stage, according to conventional lines, instead of as in real life. This is especially true of the beginner, who sees his characters moving about a stage room or on a stage lawn. In writing they think they have to adapt themselves to theatrical conditions instead of pushing stage conditions to meet their demands. Of course, experienced dramatists such as Mr. Howard and Mr. Thomas know better.

"But the crying evil is that a large number of plays are neither written nor produced in the natural manner. They are freak plays. They are the results of advertising capitalized. Perhaps some character in a play makes a hit. Immediately the press agent seizes upon it, and the actor acquires some notoriety. Then a play is written about him in the determination to get all there is out of it, while the popular note is struck. The Fluffy Ruffles and Buster Brown plays belong to this class of advertising capitalized. I think if it were possible to use an advertising sheet for a play it would be done. It all moves in a circle. The impulse is conveyed to everybody in the theatre, the scene painter, stage carpenter, scene shifter, with the inartistic results which follow the effort to get everything there is in the speculation of the moment.

"The present is a transitional moment in which good and bad may be equally successful. We were a prosperous country and

(Continued on page v.)



Byron

MR. JOHN H. YOUNG IN HIS STUDIO IN THE BROADWAY THEATRE



Mrs. Leslie Carter and Hamilton Revelle in "Dubarry"

Virginia Harned and Robert Warwick in "Anna Karenina"

Helen Ware and Wright Kramer in "The Road to Yesterday"

Viola Allen and Robert Drouet in "The Toast of the Town"

Olga Nethersole and Hamilton Revelle in "Carmen"

The Kiss on the American Stage



Maude Adams and Wm. Faversham in "Romeo and Juliet"

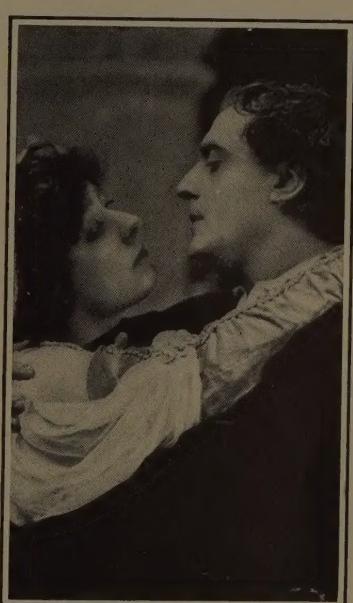
WHEN Mme. Bernhardt made her first tour in America, while she welcomed every opportunity to see American plays and American actors, she rarely permitted herself to criticise either. No one, better than the great tragedienne, knows the value of suave sayings. In one particular only did she speak in evident sincerity; she severely censured the kiss as it is portrayed on our boards. While she did not say so, its frank realization sickened her. To Fanny Davenport, who was giving a faint imitation of one of her own famous rôles, the Frenchwoman said:

"Pardon, my dear, but is not the embrace you permit to the 'Louis' of your company almost too much a yielding at once and irrevocable of the secrets of your femininity?"

Trained in a different school—one of severe repression—the

bear-like hug, the prolonged kiss and the embrace which portrayed passion rather than love seemed vulgar to the suave Parisienne. She could indicate the *grande passion* by giving her hand to her stage lover to kiss. To give her lips except for the minutest instant, and as lightly as a zephyr passing over a flower, seemed impossible to her, and when she did yield them to her lover it meant the culminating point in the love story.

French women aim to preserve their mysterious charm to lover and husband far past middle age; their desire is to be feminine to the end of the chapter, and rightly or wrongly they believe they cannot do it by suffering themselves to be caressed often and freely. 'Mon cher' and 'Mon Ami' are their terms of deepest endearment, so Bernhardt only plays love scenes as she has learned them from the life of the *salon* as well as the tradition of the



Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern in "Romeo and Juliet"



Charlotte Walker and C. D. Aldron in "The Warrens of Virginia"



Fay Davis and Wm. Faversham in "Impudence"



William Courtenay and Virginia Harned in "Iris"



John Drew and Billie Burke in "My Wife"



Mrs. Fiske and Maurice Barrymore in "Becky Sharp"

Comédie Française. From her gentle admonition as well as from her example, the kiss on the American stage has become not quite the barbaric thing it was twenty years ago. Indeed, there are American actresses who present examples of it which merit the appellation of prudish.

What our stage women think of kissing in the theatre varies, of course, with their temperament. Freed from the trammels of the stage manager, most of them would keep the lovers of the theatre at a respectable distance.

In her career Maude Adams has had fewer "kissing" parts than her sisters who have had the lead in as many plays. But this complete artist yields her lips freely and naturally when the play demands it. Nevertheless, if by any chance "The Girl of

stage kissing. She was loath to suffer the warmth of the display of love in Captain Jinks, and the author of the piece, who also staged it, had to urge her to throw decorum to the winds. Up to the end of her first season as a star it was impossible for her to repress a shrug when the hero pressed his mustache to Madame Trentoni's lips. But when, several seasons later, she played the part of Alice in the "Sit-by-the-Fire" play of Barrie, it was she who proffered her lips to the leading man and she who would have been surprised if the kiss had not been real.

The eternal question of the stage as to how far an actor should *feel* his part, comes up again in this special application. The man or woman who feels it so deeply that he or she loves some of its deeper meaning, and thus does not convey it to the audi-



From London Sketch

PRINCIPAL SCENE IN MR. PINERO'S NEW PLAY, "THE THUNDERBOLT"

The Mortimores' brother Edward is supposed to have died intestate, and the members of his family are eager to inherit his great wealth. Long search is made, but no will is found, and at last the family and their lawyers meet in council, that they may decide to apply to the court for the right to use the money. Just before this council, Thaddeus Mortimore's wife tells her husband that she destroyed a will belonging to the dead man, who, by it, left his fortune to a daughter. Thaddeus decides to take the matter on his own shoulders, and makes a confession to the family, only to be proved inaccurate in his facts, so that, in the end, the blame falls on the right person.

"the Golden West" crept into her repertoire, one could not imagine the five-minute kiss to the accompaniment of banging doors and windows in the second act of that piece would be left in the play.

Miss Adams' kiss is as elusive and arch as her art, and both reflect her personality. Peter Pan suits her better than Juliet and her idea of a stage kiss is an illusion. "Let the audience think they see a kiss," she says, "and they will think so if lips do not meet by half an inch. Opera glasses do not betray so slight a measure of distance and an effect of truth is obtainable without the actual labial contact."

Margaret Anglin, on the other hand, believes in the genuine kiss. In her opinion, if it is essential for an actor to put his arm around her, he should be able to do so without causing any shrinking on her part, and the same holds good with the kiss. Reality and not illusion is her creed. The kiss, when finally won in "The Great Divide," was a genuine breaking down of all the false barriers which nature (and the playwright) had put up between her and her virile lover. Despite Miss Anglin's boldness in defense of stage realism on this point, there has been a minimum of kissing in her stage life. Her theory is strong and bold, but her practice pretty nearly puritanical.

Ethel Barrymore has lately changed her views in regard to

ence, is usually a profound and hearty kisser. Coquelin and his school, who think the artist should always keep control of himself, have no confidence in the efficacy of a genuine kiss.

The French actor once said: "To actually kiss is no more essential than to actually weep. Indeed, I believe the actor who allows himself to do either is but a mistaken artist—liable to linger in the second rank."

In the stage kiss, as in every other point, Mrs. Fiske is a realist. She does not see the lip-rouge any more than she sees the grease paint on her fellow-comedians. When rehearsing for production Guimara's play of "Marta of the Lowlands," she insisted upon true and pronounced osculation. But in the artists who essayed the leading roles of that drama at its production, she formed ardent disciples of this type of realism. Nevertheless, both professed to have been taught in other schools, and to only seem to kiss. Mrs. Fiske's own representation of a kiss is not cloying, but it is extremely satisfactory.

Practice and experience have altered Viola Allen's views about stage kissing. She is now a wholesome realist and the snatched kiss in Irene Wycherley was one of the best things she did in the play. Her lips greedy of the lips they longed for, while her woman's soul rose to scourge the rape; clinging to the lips



Twenty-five Merry Widows Who Have Fascinated Audiences in Many Lands

Portraits of the many actresses, American and foreign, who have appeared as the heroine of this astonishingly successful operetta. The artists are: (1) Grete Meyer, Amsterdam; (2) Toni Braun, Leipzig; (3) Reba Dale, New York; (4) Mizzi Guenther, Vienna; (5) Carlotta Roeder, Duesseldorf; (6) Ilona Sperr, Cologne; (7) Lina Abarbanell, New York; (8) Minnie Milton-Waldeck, Hamburg; (9) Gerda Krum-Nathansen, Copenhagen; (10) Louise Pounds, England; (11) Lina Donenger, Berlin; (12) Mizzi Wirth, Vienna; (13) Ethel Jackson, New York; (14) Hans Reischberg, Vienna; (15) Schwedler Doenges, Kissinger; (16) Marie Otterman, Berlin; (17) Hermine Hofmann, Berlin; (18) Lola Carena, Dresden; (19) Tina Heinrich, Cologne; (20) Mizzi Miller, Vienna; (21) Alma Saccur, Darmstadt; (22) Else Tuschkan, Mannheim; (23) Lily Elsie, London; (24) Betty Seidl, Dresden; (25) Kate Hansen, Dresden.

of her lover even while she thrust him from her, this was art that seemed like life.

When her father, himself an esteemed and well-schooled actor, was teaching her the rudiments of her art in their quiet little home, rehearsed "opposite parts" to hers, he used to bid Viola kiss not with a daughter's affection but with a lover's ardor, and his pupil, eager in self-improvement, would say:

"But if I kiss you in that impassioned way, I will be apt to kiss a strange man in the same fashion."

It took a good many plays and a good many leading men to persuade Miss Allen that realism in a stage kiss was admirably effective, but she has finally reached that conclusion.

Mary Anderson's leading men (for the most part an oppressed lot) used to say that her lips pressed theirs like lumps of ice, but that they did press them. She had played out her career, shortened by her own volition, and was in her second season as Perdita before a kiss, on the stage or off, meant more to her than a handshake.

Not all the stage heroes are advocates of realism in stage kissing. Kyrle Bellew's practice varies with the material, but the rite is one he can, under favorable circumstances, perform most religiously. Nat Goodwin, whom the authors frustrated of kisses in his early days, is now a realist and takes his leading lady in his arms for the purpose of

osculation as if he meant it. In "Wolfville," which was one of the pieces he produced in an unlucky season, he was as realistic at rehearsals as he proved to be at public performances. The day has passed when his front was romantic and loverlike, but he could not keep the farcical kick out of his foot; he now kisses with deadly seriousness, if not with effusion.

Herbert Kelcey is a dignified stage osculator; he has often said that on the American stage we kiss too much. He would prefer to kiss the hand, except that when an actor does that on the road the house takes it as a genuine comedy trick and roars with laughter. In the school in which he was reared, a goodly school if suspected of being somewhat old-fashioned, there was no real kissing. Lips did not meet but only seemed to, and this has left an unmistakable dignity in his love passages.

Neither John Drew nor William Faversham presses kissing to the limit. The former can kiss very heartily and sincerely, but in the old Daily days he was not encouraged to clasp Miss Rehan too realistically, and early lessons long abide. Faversham started out as a most impetuous osculator. At the old Madison Square theatre he made quite a record during a limited engagement — quite twenty genuine kisses of an evening or so—but lately he prefers the remote kiss, the kiss on the brow.

WILLIS STEELL.



Rockwood, Fifth Avenue

FLORENCE ROCKWELL
As she will be seen next season in the new play entitled "The Invader"



White HOLBROOK BLINN
Well-known actor who will have a prominent part in Mrs. Fiske's new play



Bangs ELIZABETH BRICE
Will have an important rôle in the new musical comedy "Her Highness Radish." Took Ethel Levey's part with Sam Bernard



Hall CLIFTON CRAWFORD
English actor who made a hit in "Three Twins." Author of "Nancy Brown"

The Girl in the Calcium Light

THAT the stage is a great feminine beautifier few persons will deny. "The glamor of the footlights" may be an over-worked term, but it is the only one which adequately describes the fascination imparted by the incandescent semicircle to those within its zone. The girl or woman who does not appear attractive on a well-lighted stage is hardly likely to be noticed for her charms elsewhere. There are obvious reasons for this. Every grace naturally possessed by the actress is emphasized by the skilful use of cosmetics, and by the wearing of coiffures and costumes whose colors and fashion harmonize with her face and figure. This done, she demands a suitable environment. So the net result of her labors in the dressing room is framed in a gorgeous setting by scenic artists of world-wide fame. Loveliness apotheosized!

Particularly is this the case in what are known as "spectacular" productions. Costumes have wider latitude here. Short skirts have a piquancy all their own, and when their wearers are employed by a clever "producer" as elements of a great fanciful picture designed by himself and his brother-magician of the paint-brush, the combined effect, glowing with life and color, is one to appeal to every lover of the beautiful—or, in other words, to all civilized humanity.

As to the individuals in spectacular performances? Well, linger for a few moments, any afternoon, about one o'clock, at Sixth Avenue and Forty-third street, and you will see. It is one of the Hippodrome corners. An entrance to the upper part of the auditorium is a little way down the street. Close by is the stage door or the ballet and chorus girls. (The men enter and have their dressing rooms on the other side of the building, while the girls go in and dress in the Forty-third street wing.) The matinée maiden, waiting on the sidewalk, with a hundred others, for the doors to open, rubs elbows with the girl who is about to go to work" on the stage, and to whom the singing and dancing are as monotonous as if her occupation were selling ribbons, laces or notions" in a department store. The girl employed in the Hippodrome is of about the same class as her sister behind the barbers' counter in Fourteenth street, but the former makes more money.

If she is in the lowest grade as a singer, or is a figurante oc-

cupying a position in the rear row of the ballet, her pay is \$18 a week. That is the minimum. Should she dance well enough to be in front, where every step and gesture is critically noted by the audience, her salary may be \$35. Many in the Hippodrome ballet receive that sum weekly. The highest paid members of the chorus are the young ladies who, in one scene—a very beautiful one, by the way—continue to sing with a businesslike steadiness, even when a hundred torrents of water are suddenly let loose, with a splash, upon their heads and shoulders, and they find themselves standing knee deep in a flood. One cannot help thinking that they deserve something extra in their pay envelopes.

The few minutes in the afternoon sunshine outside the door seem to be greatly prized by the girls. Why should they not be? When one has to appear in two performances on every working day, incidentally making twelve changes of costume in that time, it is not strange if one is in no hurry to plunge into the semi-gloom of the stage region. So it is that, on every afternoon when the weather is not too inclement, you may see a few score of chorus and ballet girls enjoying the fresh air before beginning work, some of them perhaps flirting sedately with employees of the garages across the street.

It is the boast of the Hippodrome management that, although the ballet numbers 150, and the chorus 300, there are no "Johnnies" infesting the stage door. The principal reason for this arid state of things is that the girls have no time for such frivolities. How could they? They begin their week with a general rehearsal on Monday morning. After going through their paces under the collective eye of stage manager, ballet master and music director until noon, they must report at one o'clock for the matinée. That keeps them till past five, counting the time required for changing to street dress after the performance. (I was about to say "after the fall of the curtain," but the curtain at the Hippodrome does not fall at the end. It rises.) At seven they are back again, and it is midnight before they are in bed. Other days in the week are the same, except that there is no regular morning rehearsal.

There may be a special "call" for one at any time, however, when some part of the performance goes a little "ragged," in the opinion of one or all of the triumvirate of autocracy. Then there



S. L. Stein ALBERTA GALLATIN

This well-known leading woman has starred this season in "Judith of the Plains," a dramatization of the novel of that title.

port of mothers, brothers and sisters, and though they hear of automobile rides, "fizz-water," after-theatre suppers in Broadway restaurants, and kindred dissipations, it is only as a far-away echo of awful joys in which they never will participate, and would not if they could.

Many married couples are in the big company. The husband may be a chorus man, a clown, a horseman who plunges into the tank, horse and all, a stage hand or a musician. Whatever he is, the chances are that he is a good husband. It is natural in stage-land for the sexes to be drawn together—even though, as at the Hippodrome, they do dress on opposite sides of the great building—and matrimony is the rule. When husband and wife are members of the same organization, and especially when not forced to "the road," with the vagabondage of one-night stands, they are as likely to be as domesticated as if they were the most humdrum of tailors and dressmakers. So Hippodrome couples, whose professional duties are so regular that they savor of the tin dinner pail and factory whistle, keep on year after year. They might lead worse lives. Throughout the long fall, winter and spring season you may find them singing, marching, dancing, riding, swimming, and taking their salaries at the Hippodrome, while in the summer they turn up at Coney Island, in the guise of cashiers, or what not—still in the show business, although away from the footlights. The first eight girls in the Hippodrome ballet began their professional career as cashiers at Luna Park.

There are black shadows in the lives of some of the young girls, no doubt. You do not see much suggestion of them in their dancing eyes, perhaps, as they coyly acknowledge the gallant advances of the chauffeurs and mechanics in the automobile places across Forty-third street, but it would be a curious violation of the human law of averages if everyone were as happy as she seems. "Johnnies" may be kept away from the stage door, but the way of a man with a maid is not to be denied by a stage manager's interdiction. So you may know that, here and there, is a girl who

are hours of tiresome ballet practice or singing, wearing one down more than can be appreciated by those who have never been through such labors.

There is little of all this to be noted in the appearance of the hundred or so of young women who like to sun themselves for ten minutes before going inside, to convert themselves into fairies, animated daisies, court ladies and water nymphs. Most of them look rested and peaceful of spirit. Not all, however. On some faces can be discerned the lines of care that are so surely chiseled by the struggle to make "both ends meet." Many of these girls contribute to the sup-

has her romance, and you wonder whether it will resolve itself into the sober happiness presumed to follow a priestly blessing, or end in a sordid tragedy.

Many of the ballet girls and choristers who have lived only a little way into their teens are taken home by their mothers every night. Often the coulisses are full of middle-aged women waiting for their daughters. Say what you will, it is the truth that the stage girl is much more exposed to the peril that began in Eden than those of her age and sex who are never in the calcium light. The nature of her calling makes this inevitable. Unwittingly she stirs the brutal primitive emotions of some unscrupulous man who gazes upon her beauty, and the old story of the chase is on again. It is well, indeed, that there are stage mothers as well as stage girls.

Not all chorus girls are of the same stripe as those at the Hippodrome. There are some who realize in all its bitterness what it means to fight for recognition merely as a capable member of the ensemble. If a girl has a pretty face, the battle is all the harder. She may be fortunate enough to get into a company where ability and a fairly good stage appearance are the only qualifications essential to advancement. There are such companies. Several comic opera stars could be named whose girls are as well cared for as the Hippodrome's. Most young women in the profession know these stars, but their companies are always full, with a long waiting list into the bargain.

There are other stars who simply do not care. They are not exactly heartless, but they regard the chorus as only a machine, to be drilled and paid for. It has no personal note at all for them. So long as it does not sing out of tune or fail to yield the volume of sound required, the popular comedian does not trouble himself about the individuals of which it is composed. If his show girls see fit to encourage the satyrs in evening dress, who are always hovering about the theatre, that is their personal affair. He may not even notice it. If he does, he dismisses it with a shrug and significant smile. Unless a girl is late for rehearsal, causing him inconvenience, or does not appear for the regular performance, he intimates that it is not his business what she does. Naturally such a comedian soon finds himself surrounded by the sort of young women who desire latitude, and, equally, of course, the girl who takes her profession seriously keeps off his pay-roll.

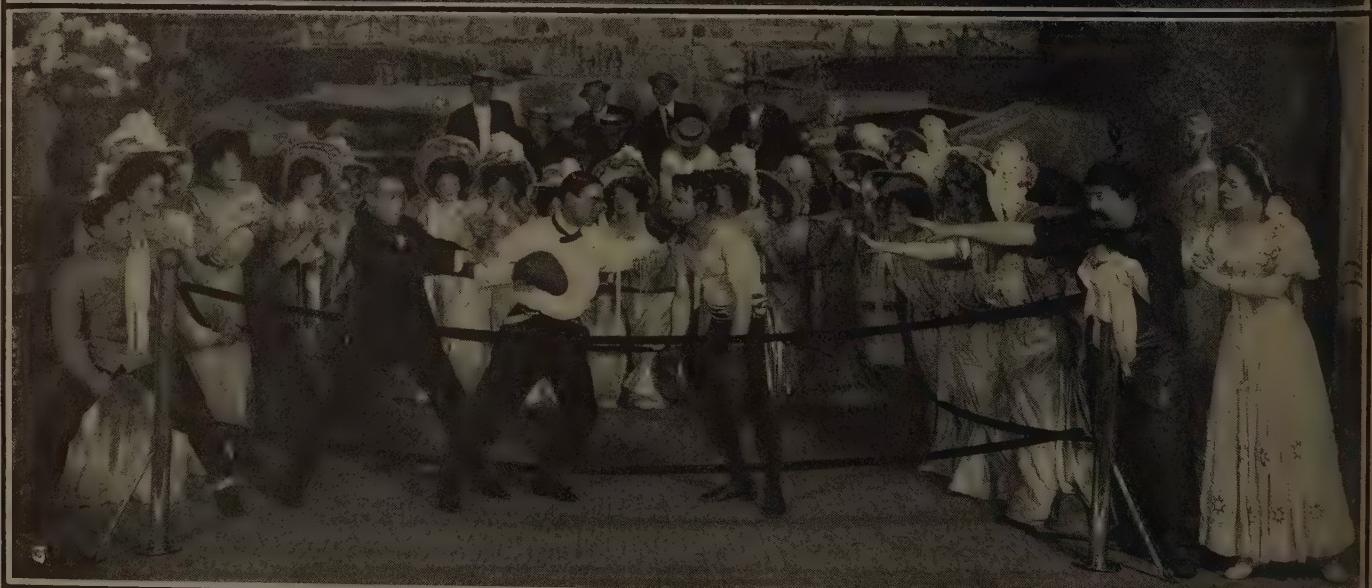
After all, the greatest protection a chorus or show girl has—after her innate virtue and self-respect—is the fact that she has much less time for dangerous frivolities than is generally supposed. Rehearsals every day or so, even when a production is in running order, in conjunction with the eight performances a week, fill up many of her waking hours. Then, being a woman, she has a multitude of little things to



Aimé Dupont CATHARINE MORLEY
California girl seen recently with Belasco's "Kitty Bellairs"

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS





White

1. The Brinkley Girls. 2. Billie Reeves as the Earl of Yabra, Lucy Weston as the American heiress, William Powers as Prince de Jagon, Seymour Brown as Count Boneless.

3. The sensational boxing contest at the Smart Set Athletic Club

Scenes in the "Follies of 1908" Now Being Presented on the New York Roof

do each day, which are vastly important to her. There is the indispensable feminine amusement of shopping, with its thrilling hunt for bargains, letters to write, books and theatrical magazines to be read, music to be practiced, meals, dressing and chatting with intimates of her own sex. All these occupations are as surely part of her day as with any healthy young woman in other walks of life. She loves her work at the theatre as a stenographer operates her typewriter or a milliner builds hats. It is just a matter of routine. Possibly there is more fascination in the stage than in the office or workroom, because a girl who can sing well enough to obtain an engagement in New York must not only love music, but must possess ability enough to warrant her in hoping to make a name for herself some day.

Cases there are where the girl who becomes disheartened by season after season in the chorus finds herself face to face with an awful temptation. She has an offer of a part, which she knows she can do well. It will mean lifting her out of the drudgery of the chorus at once and forever. It will be her first step toward the center of the stage, where she will queen it over everyone. Only—there is a price! How can she pay it? Often she will refuse the part temporarily and indignantly, at first. The condition is too horrible! She will try again for an engagement ever so little above the chorus. There must be other parts as good as this, if only she can find one of them. So she traipses up and down Broadway, suffering snubs from office boys, waiting for weary hours in ante-rooms while managers gossip idly with some casual acquaintance within, meeting rebuffs everywhere, and through it all keeping a right face, though her poor, bruised heart heaves so violently that it shakes some of the petals from the gay bunch of violets, pinned over it, and makes her look about for somewhere to rest!

How long she keeps up the weary hunt depends on her strength of will, and perhaps on her necessities. The part she can have, if she will pay for it, is still open. She goes to see the man who has the power to give or withhold it, and although he does not say directly that it is hers only on the terms he has already intimated, she knows that he has not regretted. He reminds her that it will be a great thing for her if she says it, tells her that it will suit her voice, and that she will "tear down the town" with it. The costumes she will wear, the way the chorus will help her when it takes up the refrain, the new and original "business" he will devise for her—these and many other inducements he brings forward insidiously. She is only a girl—tired little girl! Her home is in far-away Massachusetts, or Indiana, or Alabama, and she is alone, with no one to advise her or strengthen her resolve. She accepts the part.

There is another and brighter side to this picture. The calcium gets her chance sometimes. More than one favorite present-day prima donna in light opera or spectacular comedy owes her position to the fact that, when in the chorus, at the beginning of her career, she was able to play a leading part in an emergency. This is such a frequent happening that anyone can recall instances almost every season. One such case which comes to mind occurred some ten or twelve years ago. One of the best known beauties of that day and this had for a leading woman a singer who was as great a favorite as the star himself. She had a pretty face, a dainty figure, and she could act as well as sing. The Johnnies worshiped her. Her photograph was everywhere along Broadway, brands of cigars were named for her, and her face was laughed at cigarette smokers every time they opened a fresh package. She could have taken as many curtain calls as her principal any night, and indeed had to lead her out



White

A NEW PORTRAIT OF VIOLA ALLEN
Miss Allen will produce a new play in New York in September

before the curtain every time the applause compelled him to appear himself. She had New York at her feet.

One night, this darling of the public—perhaps petted and spoiled a little—was unable or unwilling to play. The comedian was almost in despair. Then he suddenly remembered that there was a girl in the chorus—a girl so young that she wore short skirts in the street, as well as on the stage—who not only sang well, but was full of that valuable stage quality known as "ginger."

"Could you sing the music of Miss Blank's part?" he asked her. Miss Blank was the prima donna.

"Yes, sir."

"Then come to my dressing room, and I will go over the cues and 'business' with you," he ordered. But there was a note of doubt in his voice. It would not be an easy task to try to fill the place of the idolized Miss Blank, even for one performance.

The little girl—who had been at school a year before—played the part that night, and made a hit. In a week or two she was established in it permanently, and remained with this comedian as his leading woman until five or six years ago, when she became a star on her own account. She played on Broadway nearly all last winter.

The petted prima donna, whom she displaced more than a decade ago, appeared at a performance in a New England city a few weeks since, and was jeered off the stage. GEO. C. JENKS.

An Art Theatre in Successful Operation



WHILE New York millionaires are burning the midnight oil planning to give the playgoers of the metropolis a non-commercial theatre on a scale of unprecedented magnificence, Donald Robertson, a Chicago actor-manager whose only resources consisted of his tenacity of purpose and enthusiasm for the best in the drama, has gone quietly to work and in a season just closed of thirty weeks has made no fewer than seventeen notable productions, established a repertoire wholly unique in the history of the American stage and in the face of discouragement, meager support, unsuitable quarters and malicious representation, has succeeded in demonstrating in the most practical way that a theatre devoted to the highest ideals can be made self-supporting.

"There is no such thing as classical drama," said Mr. Robertson to a THEATRE MAGAZINE representative when this pioneer of the New Theatre in America closed his first season in Music Hall, Chicago. "A play which can't be acted isn't a play." Beauty-loving, with the transcendental ideals of a poet, he touched with tenderness the manuscripts of the fifteen representative works of the great playwrights which he had illuminated by his skill, his versatile ability as an actor, his unquestioned genius as a director. There was a light in this sturdy, tenacious Scotchman's face, like that of one who had fought hard and long, and now saw the reward of the goal just ahead. "The drama is always actable; it should never be wearisome if rightly, if intelligently, interpreted. Instructive drama is the only honest drama. It should amuse, too, intellectually, with fragrant, quiet humor, too big for a spontaneous laugh, so big that it brings a smile into the very heart. We are cultivating the highest ideals here in the American West, where the soil as yet has no traditions. We are inculcating in the young mind a love of dramatic ideals to cling through all the life."

Having gained a foothold, having proven his sincerity of purpose, the tables have been turned. Mr. Robertson has kept every promise he had made to his subscribers, fulfilled every contract he had made with his players. Now sought out by a shrewd commercial manager, dubbed another Augustin Daly, offered a first-class theatre, given an opportunity to choose his own company out of the whole English-speaking world, to choose his own plays—

the best being written—is not this a victory for one man, who unaided except for the support of a mere handful of loyal adherents, struggled through his first season of lofty aim—all alone?

Critics have come quietly out of the East, from the Far West to the shrine of the first man who broached the idea of an art theatre in Chicago, and who has been courageous enough to cling without compromise to his convictions. The arms of ten universities which surround the Windy City have encompassed him, to bring him and his little band of players to themselves, inviting them democratically to unfold for them the beauties of Molière, of Milton, of Browning, of Rostand.

The first season closed with a smile, with a jest to remember in Carlo Goldoni's "A Curious Mishap," and like a yellow rainbow ending a drab but good day. The fare has been the kind to whet the palate of a very gourmand of good literature. Survey the list. After Molière's "The Miser," along came Pailleron's "The Triumph of Youth." Then there followed in succession Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," Hauptmann's "Coming of Peace," Charles Lamb's "The Intruding Widow," Browning's "Blot on the 'Scutcheon," and "In a Balcony," Maeterlinck's "The Intruder," "A Night in Avignon" by Cale Young Rice, "The Law" by Mary D'Este, "The Gauntlet" and "Sigurd Slembe" by Björnson, "Keep Your Own Secret" by Calderon, "The Inspector" by Gogol, "As the Leaves" by Giuseppe Giacosa, and "Madman or Saint" by José Echegaray.

This repertoire is the most remarkable ever presented to the public in a single season under a single management. A majority of these plays from the Conti-



Esmoer, Chicago

DONALD ROBERTSON
Actor-manager who has conducted with great success an art theatre in Chicago, and whom the critics hail as a new Augustin Daly

tal languages have never before been presented elsewhere in the English tongue. For cosmopolitanism alone, the list is noteworthy. It embodies a typical medieval and a modern example of five Continental dramatic literatures, as well as representative examples of English and Norwegian drama of purpose, of ideas. It discloses drama of fine poetic qualities, both in thought and diction, drama of the big and unusual, drama of the small and beautiful. It has lifted the theatre for the nonce to its highest function.

Two town performances have been given each week on Wednesday afternoon and Saturday night, and at least two visiting performances each week by invitation to some collegiate or

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



irony

JOSEPH COYNE

This popular comedian will act the leading male rôle in Charles Frohman's production of "The Mollusc" at the Garrick Theatre



Esmoer, Chicago

Anna Titus



Marion Redlich



Alice John

THREE MEMBERS OF DONALD ROBERTSON'S STOCK COMPANY, IN CHICAGO, DURING THE PAST SEASON

other institution. The interest shown by the faculty and students of Western seats of learning has been pronounced. The Universities of Chicago, of Michigan, of Illinois, of Wisconsin, of Minnesota, of Indiana, and Northwestern University have invited performances on their respective campi at various times throughout the season. Whole blocks of seats have been purchased by followers of the movement and distributed to students in minor institutions. Gratitude, admiration and enthusiasm have sprung out of these places, and have been heaped upon Robertson for skilful interpretation, for depth of understanding, for appreciation of the soul of great drama.

Plans have been formulated for a re-opening in August in a leading theatre with an ideal stock company of fifteen members, four of whom shall be players of international reputation, the remainder to be chosen for especial aptitude. It is the intention of the director to emulate the example of the late Augustin Daly in the establishment of a permanent company of artists of unquestioned technical ability and to produce plays only of unimpeachable worth. Ira Nelson Morris, the millionaire packer, has guaranteed a large sum of money in order to place the new company at once on a satisfactory financial basis. To this sum at least an equal amount additional has been pledged by active adherents. It is freely admitted that a compromise has been made with a firm of managers, who have placed their Chicago playhouse at Robertson's disposal. No restrictions of any nature, however, will be imposed upon the judgment of the director. The commercial manager, though, will claim the first refusal of all plays which may be found of such worth as to warrant a special road production.

Milton's "Comus," Rostand's "Romances," Strindberg's "The Father," are slated for early production, to be followed by untried plays by Henri Bernstein, Cale Young Rice, Richard Burton, Percy Mackaye and George Summers, a new Indiana playwright. Four matinée per-

formances will be given each week and a single evening performance on Sunday. No play will be presented more than twice in succession. A repertoire of three plays will thus be seen each week, while a fourth will always be in preparation, though a repertoire of three may be repeated just so long as the public encourages any group.

Robertson is sincere in his expectation to establish a subsidized theatre wholly independent of commercial considerations. Though an idealist, he is likewise gifted with unusual practicability, resourcefulness and tenacity. His agreement with a commercial manager is temporary and tentative. The money subscribed by Ira Nelson Morris and others goes toward the establishment of an endowment fund. All profits accruing after expenses have been paid will be devoted to a sinking fund for the erection of a permanent theatre. The intention of the director of this ideal stock company is to accomplish for the drama what Theodore Thomas and the Chicago Orchestra have done for music. An advisory literary board has been formed composed of Ira Nelson Morris, Hobart C. Chatfield-Taylor, Arthur T. Aldis, and James O'Donnell Bennett, with whom Robertson will consult.

The abrupt inception and the brief career of the late "New Theatre" interrupted for a time the previously conceived idea of Robertson to establish an endowed theatre. His supporters, panic-stricken by the inglorious end of the rival venture, abandoned him. He stood his ground. He took the bit into his own teeth and he plunged into the arena alone. He was offered the directorship of the New Theatre, New York, but he declined it. He maintains that Chicago is the only and the ideal place for the establishment of a national theatre. Hamlin Garland, William Archer, Norman Hapgood, Richard Burton and all Western newspaper critics unite in a paean of praise over the work already accomplished. Those who realize the potent influence of this man's invincible courage have not raised one single dis-



Schloss

GRACE ELLISTON

Will appear next season in a version of Giacosa's drama
"Falling Leaves"

senting note. Robertson is an esthete, whose soul is welded in iron. With great travail has been born a great movement. But it is lusty-lunged, rugged of limb, and the star of its birth was propitious.

Skepticism was rampant at the outset. The failure of the ill-starred "New Theatre," which, with an endowment fund of \$100,000, could not complete a single season, made the Robertson movement without funds appear doubly impracticable. The public failed to respond in the beginning. Gradually as Robertson struggled on it began to awaken to the meaning of this thing

which was taking certain root. Before the middle of the season, men of standing in the community voluntarily took up the cause. The City Club devoted a regular meeting to it. Speeches were made by prominent citizens in behalf of the movement. On this occasion Arthur T. Aldis, a trustee of the defunct "New Theatre," made the most eloquent appeal in behalf of Robertson as the director par excellence for a municipal theatre. The first climax has come in a splendid fight. The future of Chicago's art theatre is now assured. The curtain is rising on the second act.

LUCY FRANCE PIERCE.



EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON AND HER COUSIN, GLADYS WYNNE

Miss Wynne is nineteen years old and a daughter of Robert Wynne, an uncle of Miss Matthison. Her most recent engagement has been to play the ingenues with H. B. Irving, understudying Dorothea Baird

HARVARD UNIVERSITY



BY COURTESY OF MR. CHARLES FROHMAN
THE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH PRESENTS

Miss MAUDE ADAMS

Twelfth Night

By WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

WITH ELIZABETHAN STAGE SETTING
JUNE 3RD AND 4TH, 1908

Dramatic Persons

OSSINIO, Duke of Illyria	Frederick Eric
SIR ANTHONY, brother to Viola	William Lavers
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian	Frank Burbeck
A SEA CAPTAIN, friend to Olivia	W. H. Gilmore
VALENTINE, gentleman attending	Thomas L. Coleman
CLOWN, in the Duke's service	William H. Carr
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia	Fred Tyler
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK	Robert Peyton Carter
MALCOLM, steward to Olivia	Ernest Lawford
FABIAN, servants to Olivia	E. W. Morrison
FESTE, a clown	George Henry Trader
OLIVIA	Josephine Victor
VIOLA	Maude Adams
MARIA	Lizzie Hudson Collier

Synopsis of Scenes

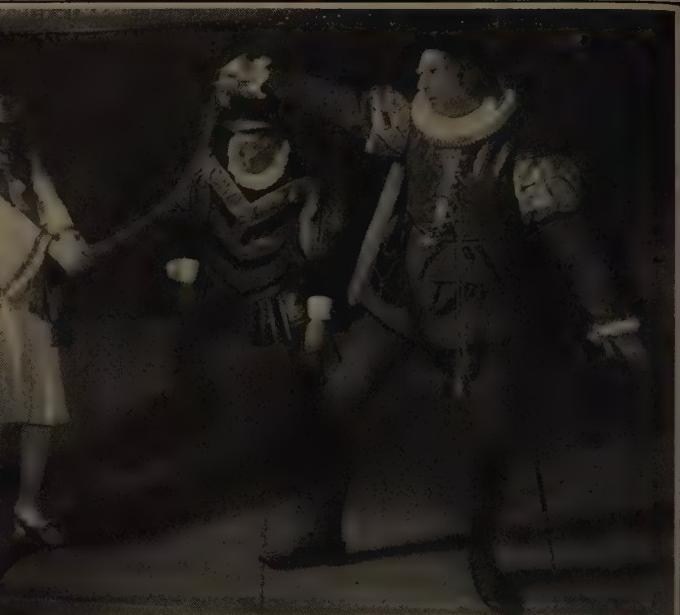
ACT I — Scene 1, The Duke's Palace. Scene 2, The Sea Coast.
Scene 3, Olivia's House. Scene 4, The Duke's Palace.
ACT II — Scene 1, Olivia's House. Scene 2, A Street. Scene 3, Olivia's House.
ACT III — Scene 1, A Street. Scene 2, The Duke's Palace.
ACT IV — Olivia's Garden.
ACT V — Scene 1, Room adjoining the cellar in Olivia's House.
Scene 2, Olivia's Garden.

Scenes music by William Fairst.
The play is produced under the stage direction of Mr. von Bechtold.
THEATRE COMPANY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

THE PLAYBILL

playhouse, under the auspices of the college authorities; simultaneously Miss Maude Adams made her début as Viola in "Twelfth Night." The occasion was, of course, a significant one, both from the Harvard and the theatrical viewpoint. For it is a matter of importance that the university authorities are breaking away—as many recent events show, and this one most of all—from the Puritanic prejudice against the profession of the actor. And it is no less a matter of note that Miss Adams, after her great success as the charming boy Peter Pan, should now have added to her repertoire Shakespeare's master effort in the way of a boy rôle acted by a girl.

The setting of the production was the result of many months of study. Every detail of it had been approved by the scholars of the English department and, while it will probably never be



White

Fabian
(E. W. Morrison)

Viola
(Maude Adams)

Sir Toby
(Fred Tyler)

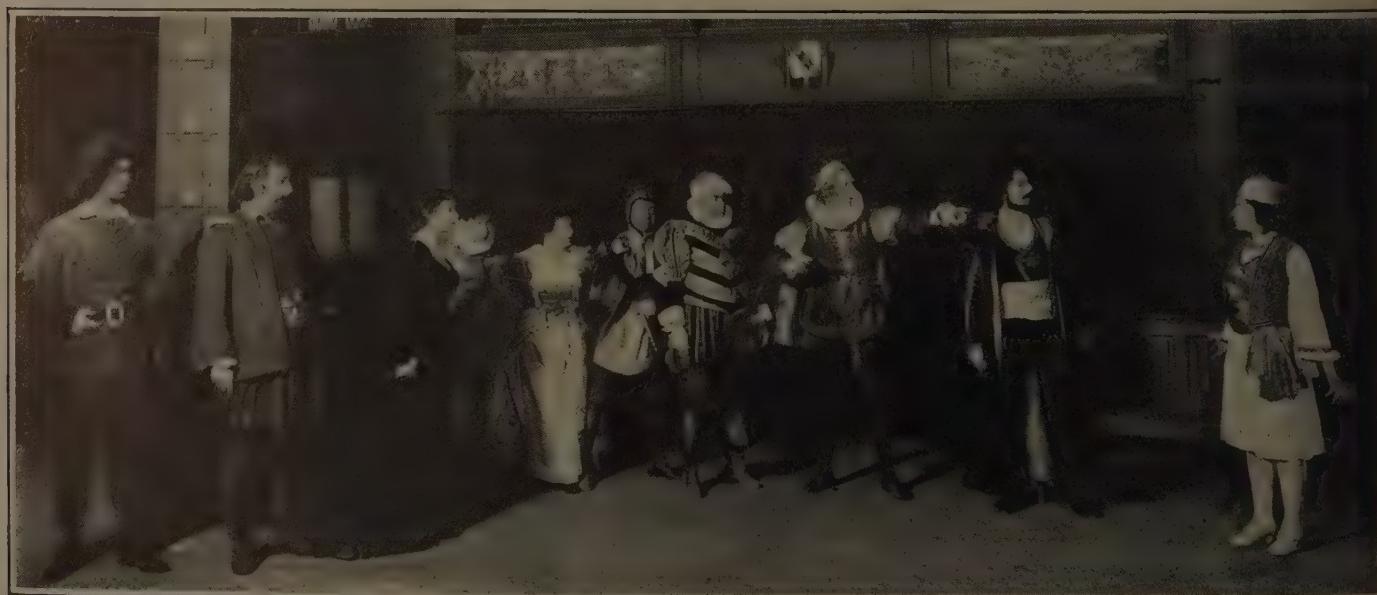
Sir Andrew
(R. Peyton Carter)

Maude Adams in "Twelfth Night"

ON the evening of June third, for the first time in the history of Harvard University, an actress appeared at Sanders' Theatre, the college

decided authoritatively just how much or how little scenery was used in Shakespeare's time, there was at least an intelligent approximation in this case to the Swan Theatre as it looked in February, 1601, when "Twelfth Night" is supposed to have been first acted. To the stage upon which the actors appeared a roof was added, and to further suggest the idea of an auditorium open to the heavens, canvas painted to represent sky and clouds was stretched around the upper walls. On either side of the stage were three rows of galleries or boxes and in the lowest of these a dozen gallants in the costume of Shakespeare's time chatted and laughed and applauded as the play went on. What stage setting there was, lads in long blue coats with white collars, yellow stockings and black shoes, bore on and off through the curtained doors used as well for the exits and entrances of the players.

The play itself was arranged in five acts and twelve scenes and the version is said to have been made by Miss Adams. It was certainly an excellent version, for no choice bit of poetry was omitted and every line necessary to the development of the plot had its due place. One fancies that Miss Adams had a



White

SCENE IN MAUDE ADAMS' PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT" AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

From left to right: Antonio (Frank Burbeck), Olivia (Josephine Victor), Fabian (E. W. Morrison), Maria (Lizzie Hudson Collier), Sir Toby (Fred Tyler), Sir Andrew (R. P. Carter), Orsino (Frederick Eric), Viola (Maude Adams)

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE GALLERY OF PLAYERS



MISS MAUDE ADAMS AS VIOLA

hand also in the dressing of the play, for there was evidence throughout that a woman's fine taste had been consulted. She herself, upon her first entrance, wore a soft gray drapery, and looked every inch the delicate girl who had just experienced shipwreck. She was greeted by a veritable thunder of applause, — such encouragement as Harvard men accord their football heroes in the Stadium, or give to the crew at New London as it makes the last lap in the annual spring race.

It was, however, when she appeared in the costume of a Greek boy to do the bidding of the love-sick Orsino that Miss Adams was most winsome. In short white skirt, with salmon-pink cap and sash and pea-green velvet jacket, she seemed indeed a youth to capture the heart of the Lady Olivia. And such a joyous Viola as she was! Full to the brim of fun and merriment, the adventures that her boy's attire brought her seemed one prolonged lark in which she herself was having so good a time that every person in the audience must needs catch the contagion of her frolic. Yet there was grace and sweetness as well, and only the very dull of soul could have failed to grasp the deep pathos of her lines about the maiden who

"Never told her love
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

A hint of powers deeper than those needed by a comedienne flashed out as Miss Adams gave this speech. And her hearers instantly showed their sensitiveness to this promise.

The supporting company averaged far above that usually accorded to a "star's" production of Shakespeare. This was the cast:

Orsino, Frederic Eric; Sebastian, William Lewers; Antonio,

Frank Burbeck; A Sea Captain, W. H. Gilmore; Valentine, Thomas L. Coleman; Curio, William H. Claire; Sir Toby Belch, Fred Tyler; Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Robert Peyton Carter; Malvolio, Ernest Lawford; Fabian, E. W. Morrison; Feste, G. H. Trader; Olivia, Josephine Victor; Viola, Maude Adams; Maria, Lizzie Collier.

The Malvolio of Mr. Lawford showed the same rich humor which distinguished this actor's work in "Peter Pan"; no representation has ever more convincingly portrayed a man thoroughly in love with himself. Equally noteworthy was the Maria of Mrs. Collier. A serving-woman such as the Lady Olivia would have had about her (i. e., a girl of fine feeling though rollicking withal), she seemed the very incarnation of the spirit of jest. As for the Sir Toby and the Sir Andrew of Mr. Tyler and Mr. Carter, they were things to remember with unction. A funnier piece of business than their attempts to aid each other in the lighting of their bedroom candles, after the great revel scene, may not often be

seen. A word of praise is due the Clown of Mr. Trader, the best and most original Boston has known in many years. And for the heartiness and bluffness of Mr. Burbeck's sea captain—he looked as if he had stepped straight out of a first edition Robinson Crusoe—thanks are also due.

All in all, this "Twelfth Night" is a thing sure to give delight to large audiences wherever played. And we understand that the two performances at Harvard and that which immediately followed at Yale are but introductory to a presentation of the play before the general public in the large cities of this country.

It is also Mr. Frohman's intention to take Miss Adams on a tour of European cities after her appearance in London next spring, opening in Berlin probably with "Lady Babbie," "Twelfth Night," and "The Jesters."

MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD



Moffett, Chicago

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MARGARET ANGLIN
Who is now appearing in Australia in "The Great Divide" and other plays of her repertoire

Actors and Puppets

By FRANK KEENAN

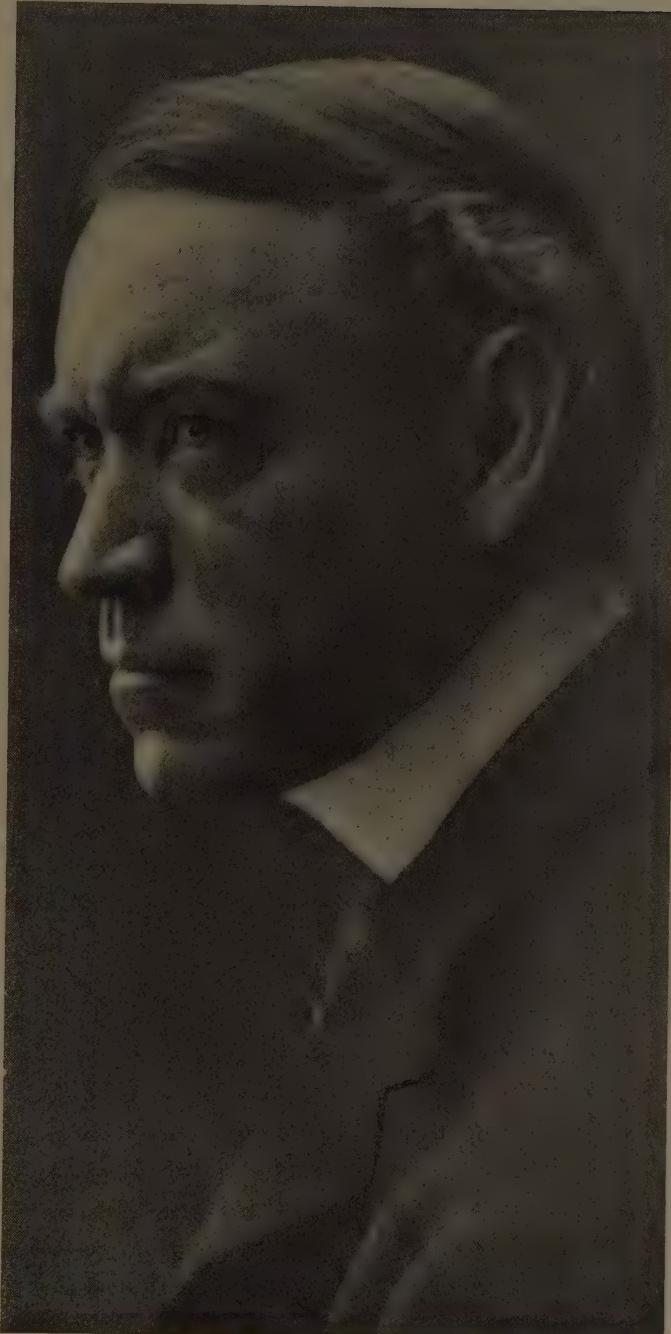
In a recent editorial a New York newspaper, referring to my remarks on the Conventions of the Drama, before the Playgoers, inadvertently misquoted me in imparting to me the statement that "tragedy is not successful on the American stage," and went on to criticise my use of the word enjoyment as descriptive of the sensation experienced by a normally happy audience in witnessing a tragedy.

As my language on the occasion was extemporaneous, it is practically impossible to remember the exact words. My argument, however, I remember perfectly. It was that the reason for the distaste of a large proportion of our theatregoers for plays in which pathos and the tragic side of life were the dominant features, was that, while there are many cases among us of exceptional happiness, we are not a happy nation; that as a nation we sought for merriment; that we were superficially happy; that we were presumably happy because we were materially prosperous. But that material happiness did not mean happiness; that as an optimist and a believer in the intellectual development of our people, I felt reasonably sure that the time was fast approaching, when, dissatisfied with the will-o'-the-wisp we now call happiness, we would settle down to a simpler, a healthier, and a more perfect realization of what the really best in life means; and that, under these conditions, the largest portion of our great playgoing public could, and would, enjoy the serious, the pathetic, even the tragic in life as depicted by the intelligent and creative mimicry of the stage.

If to enjoy is "to perceive with pleasure" (the sense in which I used the word), my application of it was correct. For I know of no greater pleasure in the way of theatrical representation than that of witnessing the faithful exposition of an interesting story by a capable author at the hands of a company of sufficient intellectual capacity and training to express that author's meaning seriously or otherwise.

Hence, my contention is the opposite of that attributed to me, viz., that even now "tragedy is successful on the American stage," with an audience much more limited in numbers than that which is drawn to the theatre by the lighter forms of entertainment, if that tragedy is made understandable and effective by actors capable of accomplishing the purpose of the author. The reason advanced by my editorial critic for the non-success of tragedy seems to be not that "there are no actors who will play them," but (judging from his comparisons with the past) that there are no actors capable of playing them.

I am sorry to say that I believe the actor himself is, to a large degree, responsible for this belief, and also for the use of the uncomplimentary term of puppet which is hurled at the class with punctual regularity. Men and women who masquerade as actors on the stage, in the public press, and who glitter and grow fat in the lobster palaces of Broadway are puppets, whose mechanical joints squeak loudly in spite of constant managerial acting. Then among this class of puppets enter the theatrical profession because it pays better than a line of commercial business in which the salary would depend upon the earning capacity of the employee. Given a fairly good appearance, the actor pose, the nerve of a book agent, the ability to talk of art, atmosphere, environment and verity, as if he knew what they meant, and—best of all—a manager who knows more about counting up the house than he does about acting (which is frequently the case), this suppositious actor takes the place which rightfully belongs to a worthier, talented, and consequently a more modest struggler, who is probably growing gray in the one-night stands of New England or the West.



FRANK KEENAN

Whose Jack Rance, the sheriff, in "The Girl of the Golden West" ranks as one of the most powerful and finished characterizations ever seen on our stage

Many of the puppets of the other sex find on the stage an excellent counter on which to display their physical wares to advantage, while their deserving sisters wait and wonder why.

The most obvious reason for this state of affairs is that there are not enough actors to fill the casts of the almost numberless plays that are being presented to a public hungry for amusement. There is something in this argument, to be sure, but I know of another and a better reason for the presence of so many incompetents on the stage. To the man or woman who is satisfied with the title of puppet, life will be easy while the "bluff" lasts; but the bluff will soon be called. To attain fame, the actor of natural ability must stop talking of his art and learn the trade of acting, a trade which few actors, big or little, on the American stage of to-day, know much about. No man or woman can become an artist until he or she has first mastered the mechanics of the profession of acting, and these mechanics cannot be mastered without the necessary tools, imagination, thought, and a capacity for hard work and constant application. Time and again I have heard the statement made by actors, and once or twice quite recently,



White

Clifton Crawford

Bessie McCoy

Joseph Allen

SCENE IN "THREE TWINS" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

that opportunities for good acting are rare. Nothing could be further from the truth. Splendid opportunities present themselves each season.

Good plays call for good acting; better work on the part of the dramatist calls for better work on the part of his interpreters, and the greatest difficulty lies at present in the fact that the average actor takes *himself* and not his *profession* seriously. A very distinguished critic made the statement some time ago that there was not one really great actor or actress on the English-speaking stage of to-day. If this is true, and I shall not contradict it; if in this great country of ours there is not one actor or actress whose achievements deserve the accepted definition of that much-abused and terribly ill-treated word "great"—why is it so? Perhaps for the same reason that we have no great novelist, that we have no great poet, that we have no great dramatist. No actor can be great without a

great opportunity. If the actor will remember that no part ever has been played, or, for that matter, ever will be played *perfectly*, he will have taken his first step on the steep path that leads to greatness. If he also tucks away for future reference the fact that no dramatist ever has known how big a part he wrote till a big actor *played* it, he will have stored for future use an incentive to constant endeavor. If he opens his eyes to see, and feeds his hungry heart and soul on the beautiful living truths that God has strewn in abundant profusion on every side, the name of Puppet as applied to actors will disappear. He will add his creative forces to those of the great dramatists of our early American future, and no longer to either will be applicable the biting words of Aeschylus:

Though seeing, all in vain they saw,
And hearing, heard not rightly.

How Francois Coppée Wrote "Le Passant"

François Coppée, the French academician, poet and dramatist, who died in Paris recently, first made his reputation in 1869 with a one-act play in verse entitled "Le Passant." Later pieces written for the stage, such as "Le Luthier de Crémorne," "Severo Torelli," "Les Jacobites," "Pour la Couronne," were also successful, but to the end of his days Coppée remained known as the author of "Le Passant," in the male rôle of which little piece Sarah Bernhardt as Zanetto also met with her first real success. Some months before his death Coppée wrote for Le Théâtre, of Paris, an account of the preparation and first performance of this little play which was destined to make him famous over night. A translation of the poet's article, made by Mr. Edward T. Mason, appears herewith:

THE first performance of "Le Passant" has been described by more than one writer, but not by the author. I have been asked to search my memory for some recollections of that evening which was so eventful for me, and I do so very willingly. It will make me feel young again.

In 1868 I was the most obscure of rhymesters. The title of my first collection of poems, "Le Reliquaire," had been mentioned by Théophile Gautier in his Review of French Poetry, and after reading my little volume "Intimités" Sainte-Beuve wrote me a flattering letter, which was published in a volume of correspondence, after his death. My first verses were at that time known only to a group of poets, and to a small number of verse lovers.

These slight encouragements, however, urged me to continue. Yet I was without ambition, I did not know the vain craving for fame. I wrote verses merely for the pleasure it gave me. Still, Anatole Lionnet, one of the famous twins, fell in love with a bit of verse in "Les Intimités," which had no title, but which he called "Le Bouquet de Violettes," and recited everywhere. Then the tragic actress, Mme. Agar, at that time in the full splendor of her talent and beauty, happened to read by chance, in *L'Artiste*, a publication conducted by Arsène Houssaye, my story, "La Bénédiction," and decided to recite it at a concert. She informed me of her intention by one of her friends.

After applauding the superb artist, who had imparted the fullness of a drama to the tragic episode which I had added to the horrors of the taking of Saragossa, I went a few days later to thank my interpreter in her dressing room at the Odéon. Draped in the peplum and shod with buskins, that night the great artist incarnated Corneille's Camille. She welcomed with condescending kindness the very timid youth who went behind the scenes for the first time, and she invited me to come again. I came again.

"By the terms of my engagement," she said to me during one of my visits, "a performance for my benefit will be given next winter, and I shall myself arrange the program. Write me a little comedy with music for that occasion, something with two characters, short, and easy to produce."

Until then I had never thought of writing for the stage. Being

an ingenuous poet (my first verses having been printed at my own expense), I only dreamed of leaving behind me one or two poetic flowers in the collections of the anthologists. But what Mme. Agar asked of me was not a dramatic work, only a song in two parts, a poem for two voices. I believed myself competent to do it. Recalling Paul Dubois' charming "Florentine Singer," which I had admired in the freshness of plaster at the Salon, I conceived the idea of the song of youth and love, to be accompanied upon his guitar, with his long sleeves; and in a few days I wrote "Le Passant."

Those were idyllic moments. I lived then with my aged mother and my elder sister in a very modest lodging at Montmartre. There, when I opened the window of my narrow little room, I found myself, as it were, in the midst of a great tree, a handsome pine tree, and at springtime in its branches hundreds of sparrows, after sunset, made their "evening prayer" as good folks say, that remarkable twittering which I have noted in this line:

"A sound like a great frying."

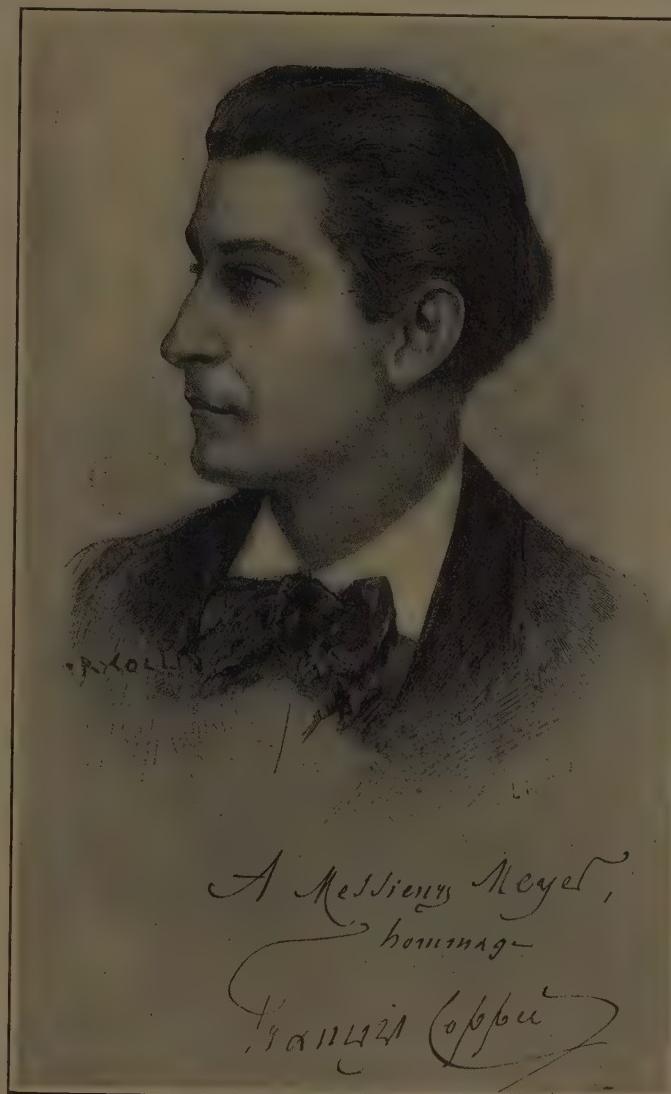
I have been much blamed for this realistic comparison; but it has the merit of being exact.

In those days I had but little time to myself, for in order to earn our daily bread I passed a large portion of the day at the War Office, where I had a small clerkship. But at about five o'clock I went home, and perhaps the sweetest moments of my life were those September evenings when I wrote "Le Passant" by my open window, beside the foliage, already changing, where the birds no longer sang, but which still trembled beneath their sports and beyond which I saw the golden sky of an autumnal sunset.

When Agar heard the reading of my manuscript she was enthusiastic.

"I will play Sylvia," she exclaimed, "and just now, at the Odéon, there is one of my young comrades, Sarah Bernhardt. She is charming, and seems to me just the very person to play Zanetto."

Then time passed along. Agar's benefit was to be at the end of winter, and I thought no more about "Le Passant." In any case I built very slight hopes upon it. At the Odéon, so many other authors had produced short pieces in verse, produced them with success, and yet had not succeeded in securing many performances, that I thought, in imitating them, that I was simply



THE LATE FRANCOIS COPPEE
As the poet looked at the time he wrote "Le Passant." From a portrait presented to the publishers of THEATRE MAGAZINE

observing a kind of perfunctory custom, nothing more. My little work had already given me great pleasure in creating it. I awaited its public presentation without illusions and without impatience.

When Agar told the two associate directors, MM. de Chilly and Duquesnel, who then managed the Odéon, that for her benefit she was going to play the work of a young poet, they wanted to know something about it, and Agar gave them the manuscript. They were both won over at once.

"It ought not to be played," said Chilly, "at your benefit, to which the critics will not come, but should be played like other pieces before the journalists and the public who attend first performances."

Kind Mme. Agar forebore contradicting them, and toward the end of December the piece was put in rehearsal. Will it be believed? I attended only the final rehearsals, not from indifference, but because everybody—the two actresses and the two managers—had said to me: "Leave us alone. You don't understand anything about it." Besides, it was the truth.

But, of course,



MISS BILLIE BURKE

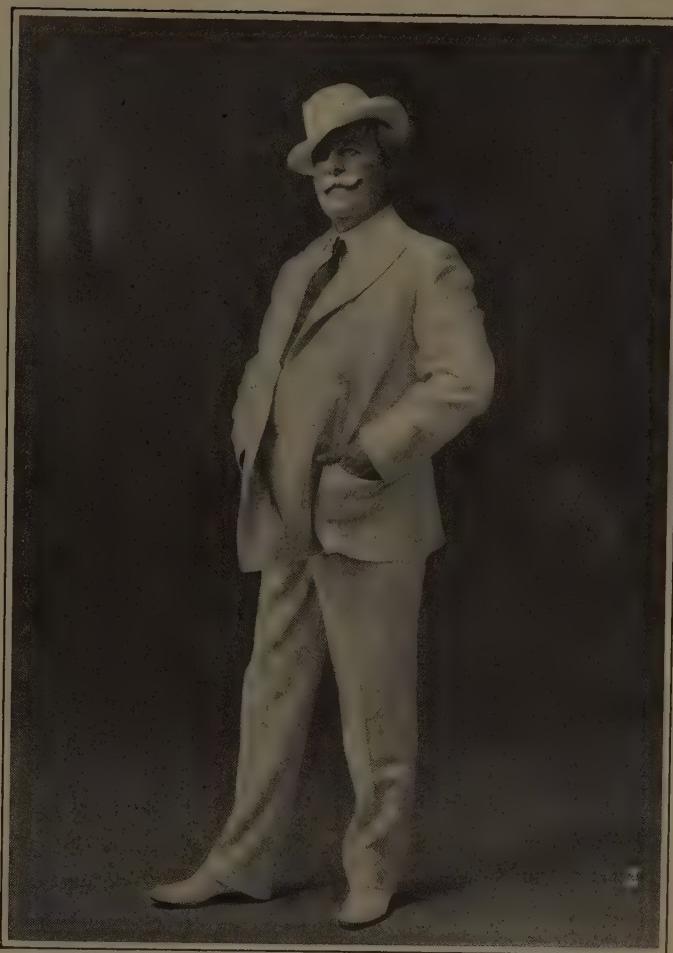
Sarony
This young English actress, who was John Drew's leading woman last year, will be starred this coming season in an adaptation from the French entitled "Love Watches"

I was present at the dress rehearsal, and then I was delighted. By a combination of fortunate circumstances, such as one rarely encounters, my little piece was to be presented to the public under the most favorable conditions.

From a drama recently played, and which had not succeeded, there was left over some charming and poetic scenery, a landscape and buildings which, flooded in blue moonlight, were bathed in a dreamy atmosphere for the serenade scene.

Ancessy, the leader of the orchestra, had composed a melody which was very pleasing, and as in those days we had still in all the theatres a band which played between the acts, M. Chilly, remembering the tremolos of the Ambigu, conceived the capital idea of having my lines accompanied, here and there, by quiet music, which old Ancessy chose with much tact.

What admirable talent both the actresses had! What nobility of poses and gestures in my Sylvia, what profound emotion, what intoxication, what joy, what madness of youth in my Zanetto! Both actresses spoke the lines



LOUIS JAMES AS HENRIK IBSEN'S DREAMER-HERO, PEER GYNT

is well-known Shakespearian actor will tour next season in Ibsen's fantastic spectacular play "Peer Gynt," having acquired the entire production made by the late Richard Mans-
d shortly before his death. The above pictures show him in the four episodes of the piece, as follows: (1) Peer Gynt, the Dreamer; (2) The Yachtsman; (3) The Merchant;
(4) In Old Age

marvelously, and one enjoyed with physical pleasure, so to speak, the contrast of those two harmonious organs, the voice of the enchantress, the golden voice of Sarah, alternating with the pathetic contralto of Agar.

I went out from the rehearsal, as one may guess, absolutely satisfied, wholly delighted, but without feeling the presentiment that the next evening would have a decisive influence upon my whole life. At Montmartre, in our simple abode, they were certainly well pleased that I had written a play, and that it was to be acted, but they had no ambitious dreams as to the real importance of the event.

Still, upon the night of the first performance, my mother and sister having arrayed themselves for the occasion, we set out very modestly for the Odéon in an omnibus.

Again I repeat, during our journey, which was as slow as usual, with frequent stoppings, I had not the least idea that for me our democratic vehicle was in reality a triumphal car.

We arrived. I placed my mother and sister in a box, and I went upon the stage.

They were playing as a curtain-raiser a piece in verse, the title of which I have forgotten. In passing behind the scenes to go up to the dressing rooms to salute my two actresses, I heard some applause, feeble enough to be sure, but in which my untrained ear did not recognize the powerless efforts of the claque.

O simplicity of youth! I wished then for "Le Passant" a success like that of the unlucky curtain-raiser, which was about to fall flat. Then came my turn.

They brought down the curtain, they set the stage, they lighted the moon, and the painted canvases, seen close at hand, looked very ugly to me. appeared, they seemed to me less beautiful and less charming than usual, with their "make-up," always somewhat brutal, and with that look of distraction and vague uneasiness that is to be noticed in any player just about to go upon the stage.

Then only I felt the contraction of the heart, the misery of the first night. At last the three knocks sounded, and I hid myself in the wings at the left side, in company with the fireman.

The curtain rose, with its feeble, prolonged creaking, and, in the midst of a fearful silence, the beautiful voice of Agar uttered the first line:

"Cursed be love! No longer can I weep."

What a frightful moment! How I shook from nervousness and fear! But about the middle of Sylvia's monologue the first applause broke forth, and when Zanetto entered, it redoubled, accompanied by outbursts of bravos, and became very intense. At the end of several passages, delightfully spoken by Sarah Bernhardt, I heard many persons cry *encore!*

The common phrase "thunder of applause" is not at all exact.

This sound is less like the rumbling which follows a flash of lightning than the noise of hail patterning upon metallic roofs. This difference being observed, the impression is, nevertheless, very much that of a storm which breaks loose, and when that storm of applause broke loose in my favor—need I say it?—I felt a delicious relief. My heart began to beat tumultuously.

It was not, however, in the wings, beside the perfectly calm fireman, that I could judge of the full extent of my success. Only among the audience could I have understood that famous first night of "Le Passant," which was, within an hour, to make me famous and to determine my literary career. I did not really witness it, or, at least, I only poorly heard its glorious echo from the wings, in company with the impassive fireman. That is one of the keenest regrets of my life.

Let me not exaggerate. The tumult of ovation which greeted my name, announced to the public by Sarah, the three or four recalls to which my two interpreters responded, the joy with which they clasped me in their arms in giving me the customary embrace, the warm grasp of the managers' hands, were immediate and manifest proofs to me that my poem in dialogue had fully succeeded.

But it was only the next morning that I understood, in reading the newspapers, nearly all enthusiastic, what a stroke of good fortune had just befallen me. Then in the two or three days which followed, I received in my little room some remarkable visits—Camille Doucet, who was one of my most paternal and devoted friends, and then general director of the theatres, came to tell me that my piece would very soon be played at the



White

MARION KERBY

Leading woman last season with Thomas W. Ross when appearing in James Forbes' new comedy, "The Traveling Salesman"

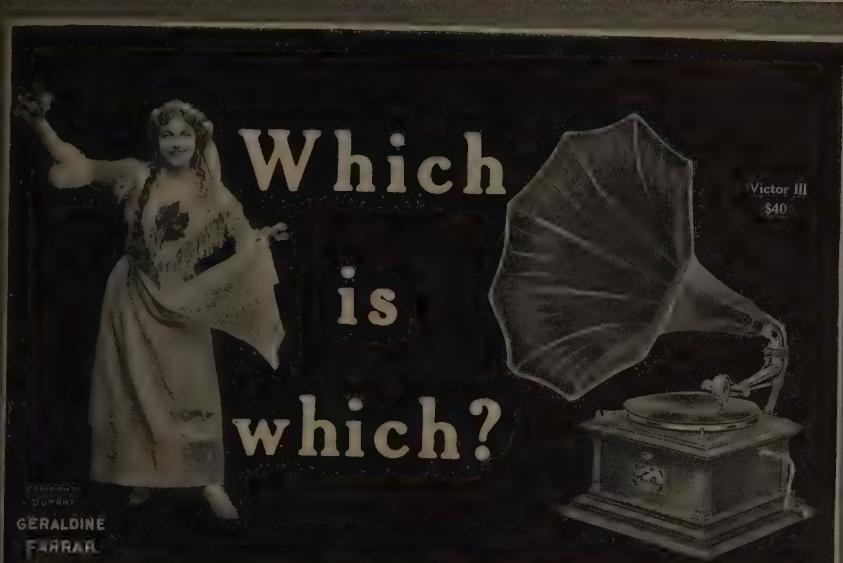
When my two interpreters ap-

Tuilleries. Théophile Gautier brought me an invitation from the Princess Mathilde, with whom I formed a friendship which has lasted for thirty-five years. Finally, my dear publisher Alphonse Lemerre—this was the crowning feature of the fireworks—hastened to tell me, with overflowing joy, that there was not left in his shop a single copy of my books "Reliquaire" or of "Intimités," and that the editions of my play were going like wildfire.

The thing was done. Thenceforth I was the author of "Le Passant," and for a long time my name was seldom printed without being followed by that title. Having produced a great deal since then—too much perhaps—in prose and in verse, I have sometimes been annoyed by the obstinacy with which the public has insisted upon remembering me only by this short poem. I was wrong.

To-day, in the decline of life, knowing that all is vanity—literary fame as well as all the rest—I still cherish a tender and melancholy sentiment for my dear little Passant, for I owe it a favor which is only granted to the elect—a perfect happiness in the height of youth.

FRANCOIS COPPEE.



You think you can tell the difference between hearing grand-opera artists sing and hearing their beautiful voices on the *Victor*. But can you?

In the opera-house corridor scene in "The Pit" at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, Cal., the famous quartet from Rigoletto was sung by Caruso, Abbot, Homer and Scotti on the *Victor*, and the delighted audience thought they were listening to the singers themselves.

At Rector's, the noted Chicago restaurant, when some of the grand-opera stars sang, with piano accompaniment, the diners listened with rapt attention and craned their necks to get a glimpse of the singers. But it was a *Victor*.

In the rotunda of Wanamaker's famous Philadelphia store, the great pipe organ accompanied Melba on the *Victor*, and the people rushed from all directions to see the singer.

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THE SECRET

of beautiful, silky hair is a clean, healthy scalp.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

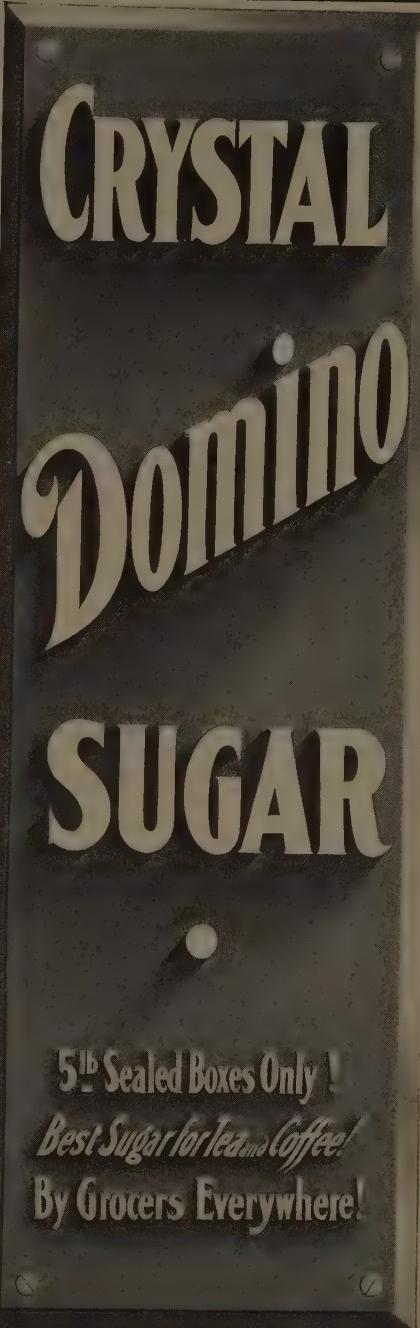
not only cleanses the scalp, but through the action of its special ingredients imparts a healthful tone to the underlying glands. Its routine use, therefore, keeps the scalp clean and healthy, thus preserving the gloss and beauty of the hair.

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Matchless for the Complexion

Letters to the Editor

The Ben Greet Players

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Kindly allow me to state that a mistake was made in the interview with the People's Institute as far as the mention of my name is concerned. I cannot be numbered amongst recipients of its favors.

On the contrary, it was entirely through the efforts of my manager, Mr. Frank McEntee, and myself that the People's Institute was ever asked to mix up at all with the Board of Education of New York. The Institute showed its appreciation by signing a direct contract with Mr. Brady "not to support the Ben Greet Players in New York." I do not imagine the matter would much interest your readers to have what details I possess of the affair; but under all the circumstances I object to appear as a beneficiary under the will of Mr. Sprague Smith. Yours very truly,

New York, July 1, 1908.

BEN GREET.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Why is it that your magazine does not take notice of productions other than those in New York City? Is it that THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is published in the interests of the Theatrical Trust — i. e., those who control the New York theatres? Surely plays and operas are given their première in other towns in the United States outside of New York. Why not include London plays and plays and operas wherever produced? Are you shy on correspondents, or what is the matter? Or do you only report plays when the money is forthcoming, or is everything in the magazine paid advertising?

The press of the country outside of New York ought to take the matter up.

Tacoma, Wash.

R. F. MEAD.

If our amiable correspondent would take the trouble to glance at our files he would realize what little justification there is for his complaint. No one yet has refused to afford the THEATRE MAGAZINE full credit for its complete impartiality. Syndicate and non-syndicate attractions are treated with like consideration. It is true that New York productions occupy most of our space, but that is because New York is the starting-out place for nine-tenths of the important companies that afterward tour the United States. The charge that we neglect other American cities is untrue. In the last six issues will be found: (January) "Chicago's Colored Stock Company," "The Theatres of London," "New Plays in Paris"; (February) Sardou's new play "L'Affair des Poisons," "Mummers and Music in British India"; (April) "The Sicilian Players in London," "Centennial of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia," "D'Annunzio's New Poetic Tragedy Produced in Rome," "Faust in a New Dress in Paris"; (May) "The College Theatre and Its Plays in Chicago"; (June) "Boston's New Home for Opera," "Maude Allan's Dances in London," "New Play at the Comédie Française"; (July) "Little Theatres of Italy."

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Stage Scenery Painters

(Continued from page 204)

everybody went to the theatre for diversion. We are undergoing great depression and everybody goes to the theatre for distraction. In time we will resume our normal state; then people once more will become discriminating, and we may hope for better things. At present it is pretty hard.

"In the evolution of the scenery of a play, the scene painter is or should have the manuscript to read. In the rush of affairs now he may see only one act, or perhaps only the scenario. In the meantime the stage manager has made a plot and works out the exits and entrances on exact lines. Then the stage manager, author and scene painter get together and consult. That, at least, is the way they must do to get the best results. The scene painter sees only the pictorial side and must be held to the practical necessities of the case. One of these is that the wall scenes must be folded that they can be put in the six feet of doors, for scenery must travel. Fireproofing is another great handicap. This is usually done by painting on fireproof cloth, of which the chemicals are pretty apt to affect the colors. Another difficulty is the harmonizing of real things with the artificial. The use of real antiques, real palms, real flowers and foliage does not produce as successful results as when purely artificial scenery and stage properties are depended on."

"Nor have later developments in science proved as helpful as might be supposed. Better effects were obtained by gas than by the electric light. In fact, to-day the stage is over-lighted. This is partly the fault of the people in front who want to see everything. If the scene were in a cellar by the light of a tallow candle the audience would want to see every face distinctly."

The larger plant of which Mr. Unitt speaks, made necessary by the rush and press of modern play production, is now generally removed from the theatre and is found on the river edge of town. Its architecture is peculiar, narrow, with small door and a wide door on the street level, but with no windows, it shoots up in the air far beyond its neighbors. Within is oblong emptiness, except where skeleton stairs creep up to small offices. In the emptiness the lighting is from the sky. Perhaps a stove huddles in one corner, but it is scarcely felt in the chill, sunless interior. Huge portable platforms are hung in the air that the painting of several scenes may go on at once. In such a building Mr. Homer Unitt, whose name is familiarly seen on programs, was found. He said:

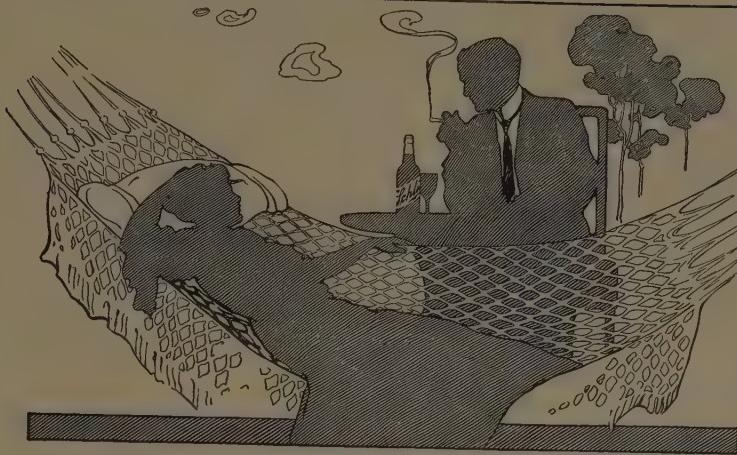
"No, I do not find that scene painting has advanced beyond the productions of a score of years ago. Nothing to-day surpasses the stage effects wrought over by Sir Henry Irving on his first visit here. Everything now is done in a hurry and rush that forbids the best results. The scene painter often does not see the play at all. The stage manager brings him the plots. That is all he knows. He carries out what he is expected to do, the scenery is finished, and perhaps he never sees it afterward. Frequently a scene will consist of forty pieces, all being painted at once, and the scene painter must carry the tone in his mind for each of these pieces in order to preserve the unity of the scene."

"Or perhaps there are several plays under way at the same time, each relating to a different country and at different periods. These in all their tails must be kept distinct in his mind. In fact, scene painter must be a cyclopedia of architectural styles, Persia, Greece, Rome, Ireland and Siberia, Italian gardens and the western plains must all be at his command. He must know epochs, he must be an authority in matters of appropriate decoration and ornamentation. There is no time now for research and deliberation."

"He must have an instinctive knowledge of effects. A handsome thing may not look handsome in the footlights. An expensive stuff may look cheap. It is a fact that painted properties look more real than do the real things. The necessity of fireproofing has added to our perplexities, since it makes the element of weather important on account of the difficulty of drying, and also has a tendency to affect the colors, and cannot rely on our effects."

"Nor do we owe much that is good to the electric light. Nothing is better than gas for stage lighting—it is softer, it contributes more to the atmosphere of the stage than the electric light."

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The real advantage of electric light is that it can be more easily handled, and since it is found in every village, one-night stands have all the effects of lighting that a city stage can have."

In conversation with scene painters, who confirmed while they were unwilling to add nothing to the foregoing, it was found that the Belasco stage, in their opinion, represented more nearly the old conditions, which they so generally lamented, and to the continuance of these they attributed the success of the Belasco plays. Time, harmonious action and artistic instincts are essential to proper stage production. None of these now exist but in isolated instances.

On the edge of things, in one of those architectural monoliths described, Mr. Ernest Gros, the scene painter, was found. His office was interesting with a collection of stage models which could be identified as scenes on the Belasco stage. Here was a scene painter's library filled with handsome volumes labelled "Greece," "Rome"—every nation, ancient and modern—books of epochs, periods, archaeology, costumes were represented, as well as periodicals of the most luxurious types in paper, illustration and text. Truly an equipment.

The unanimity of all the scene painters interviewed, whether working under favorable or unfavorable conditions, concerning the actual situation, was conspicuous.

"Modern developments have not helped us in the least," said Mr. Gros. "Scene painting has in no wise advanced. The whole matter lies with the manager. If he is a man with artistic perceptions we have one result. If he depends on his advertising, we have another. When a play is to be put on at the Belasco theatres, Mr. Belasco sends for me, and he literally acts the entire play for me himself. Then he tells me what he desires. I am at liberty to make suggestions. Perhaps these are accepted, perhaps they are not. But the consultation is exhaustive. Mr. Belasco is exacting. He wants results, and these are only obtained by hard work on his part and that of everybody else. Plenty of time is given. We spend from six to seven months in preparing a play.

"The first thing the scene painter does is to prepare his model. Then he gives the stage carpenter the measurements. When the frame is ready the painting proceeds. Dry colors only are used; no drop of oil goes into scene painting. Fireproofing has added to our labors by its effect on the colors. When the scenery is ready comes the problem of lighting, which must be determined by experiment. The electric light is brutal. We try to control it by the use of different media, but in no way can we get at the softness and mystery of gas.

"It would scarcely be believed that in lighting the first act of 'The Grand Army Man,' in addition to the footlights and lights overhead, back of the scenes are thirty-two lights each in the hands of one man. This requires a force of disciplined men and the requirements can only be determined by experiments that take time and patience, and must be looked after from time to time to see that nothing falls short.

"After all the scene painter has done on his part the effect may be spoiled by the costumes, over which he has no control. The stage manager may determine his reds, blues, greens, without any reference to the background the scene painter has prepared, unless there is some overruling power with artistic instincts. Personally, I prefer costume plays, because they give so much more opportunity for color and imagination. Modern plays must be exact.

"One travels and one must have imagination, as I said. I have never been to Japan, but I am told that the impression of old Japan in 'The Darling of the Gods,' so far as it was practicable to put it on the stage, was correct. I tried to have two Japanese help me, but whether from shyness or reticence I could get but little from them. I particularly wanted a certain representation of the God of War. Neither professed to know anything about it. At length, after much hunting, I found a picture in a French book. When they saw the reproduction they admitted it was correct, and said I could only have found it in one book, which showed that they had known of it all the time." MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

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It is an axiom that it takes the theatrical expert five years to learn what the man in the street could teach him in five minutes.—*Daily Express, London.*

The chief requisites to make a play accepted by a manager are, first, a taking title; secondly, it must treat of a popular or favorite subject; and, thirdly, be written in a style easily intelligible to the common herd of playgoers.—*Il Mattino.*



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Roof Garden Shows

(Continued from page 201)

in London. Miss Hoffman gives "The Vision of Salome" with subdued lights, special scenery and scant drapery, to the accompaniment of an orchestra which renders the original music. The dancer's very abbreviated costume consists almost exclusively of beads, the only concession to the proprieties being apparently a transparent black gauze skirt embroidered with gold. The dance is in four parts and resembles very closely that seen at the Metropolitan Opera House two seasons ago. In the first, Miss Hoffman dances with a sinuous Oriental movement. In the second, she rushes to the well, where lies the decapitated head of John the Baptist, seizes it and places it on the ground. Then she dances round and round the gruesome object, her exultation increasing each moment, her skirts whirling and her lithe body twisting into every conceivable posture, until at last, overcome by emotion, she throws herself on the ground alongside the charger and kisses the gory mouth. As a spectacle, it is repellent yet less objectionable than when done by Madame Fremstadt at the Opera, because it is done with less art, and is therefore less convincing. In other respects, however, Miss Hoffman's dancing is very graceful, without the slightest vulgarity, and her performance has considerable artistic merit.

Another important star of Mr. Hammerstein's forces is Signor Bernardi, the Italian quick-change artist, who presents a one-act play, interpreting himself each of the nine characters, concluding his interesting performance with a number of other quick changes in full view of the audience.

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Hot Weather Advice

By taking a few precautions, and persistently following them, there need not be much suffering, even annoyance, experienced during the summer months. Here are a few simple but practical rules. Keep the body perfectly clean by daily washing, or baths. A little aromatic vinegar in the bath is very refreshing, and is recommended to all who perspire profusely. Do the heaviest work in the morning and evening. From noon to sundown perform only those tasks which cannot be postponed. Eat moderately, sufficiently, of the lighter foods, and liberally well-cooked fresh vegetables, and of ripe, but over-ripe fruit. Luncheon should be daintily served, and without meat of any kind. The use of cracked ice in drinks should be avoided as much as possible. It is better to cool liquids in well-stoppered bottles in the refrigerator, an effective method, which has the additional advantage of saving ice. For a wholesome stimulant there is nothing equal to Underberg Bitters, which, incidentally, does some other good things, such as creating an appetite, helping digestion, and toning up the system in general. In fact, this simple but satisfying drink will help anyone to weather through the most trying of days in comparative comfort. The higher the temperature the greater temperance should be observed.

A Safe Investment

THE THEATRE is the only magazine of the stage it has succeeded. It owes this exceptional success to an editorship which is absolutely impartial and independent; a liberality that counts no cost when special features are to be secured, a comprehensiveness that includes all dramatic interests in its scope, and an artistic taste that makes portraits and pictures worthy to be framed. This issue for July, with its Review of the Past Season, its Little Theatres in Foreign Lands, its interview with Joshua Whitcomb and its numerous page illustrations, is a fair specimen of the quality and quantity of its wide and wise work. Next to joining the Actors' Fund, the duty of everyone connected with the profession is to subscribe to THE THEATRE. Three dollars cannot be better invested.—STEPHEN FISKE in *The Spirit of Times*.

There are 14,600 actors who claim their homes in New York City.—*N. Y. Herald*.

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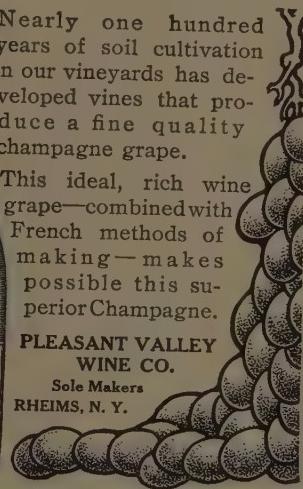
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1901	each, \$2.00	1903	each, \$1.25	1905	each, 50c.
1902	each, \$1.50	1904	each, \$1.00	1906	each, 85c.

N. B.—The following issues, June, Aug., Sept., Oct. and Dec., 1901, being entirely out of print, are not
sold separately any more, and can only be supplied in the complete bound book.

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

H. H. B., Aurora.—Q.—Can you tell me what noted singer recently retired from her efforts to the development of poor girls' talent? A.—You no doubt refer to an announcement made by Mme. Nordica of her plan to found an American Bayreuth, where a complete musical education could be obtained at vastly less expense than going abroad. No, Mme. Nordica has not retired from the operatic stage. See article in our September, 1901, number.

H. E. S., Phila.—We have never published a photograph of Eva Tanguay.

B. M. R.—A photograph of Beatrice Morgan appeared in December, 1906.

Rose W.—An article illustrated with five photographs, in our January, 1907, number, gives an account of Rose Stahl's career. There is, besides the July, 1907, colored cover, a half-tone portrait of her in November.

E. L. F., Roanoke.—Seeks interviews with managers and apply to dramatic agencies. We do not furnish addresses.

R. W., Omaha.—Q.—Is twenty-five years too old for a girl to take up the stage as a profession? A.—No.

Q.—Is a college education helpful? A.—Yes.

J. W. C., Berkeley, Calif.—A biography of Maude Adams may be purchased from Meyer Bros., 26 West Thirty-third street, price \$1.50. A.—September 23d, 1895, is the date of the first stage appearance of Ethel Barrymore, when she played Katherine in "That Independent Young Person." The year following she became a member of the Empire Theatre Stock Company. While in London playing Priscilla in "Secret Service" she met with much favor and in 1897 was engaged by Sir Henry Irving. In 1900 she made her first appearance as a star in "Captain Jinks," then followed "Cousin Kate," "Sunday," "A Doll's House," "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," "The Silver Box" and "Her Sister."

A New Reader, Denver.—Q.—Did you publish pictures of "The Christian Pilgrim"? A.—A full page of Henrietta Crosman in that character, also scenes from the play, appeared in our November, 1907, number. Q.—Was there an Edward Mackay in the cast? A.—James Mackay appeared in the roles of Good Will and Hopeful. We did not publish his portrait.

Theatre Reader.—I have twelve 1906 numbers of your magazine in good condition. If I return them, for how much will you bind them? A.—Upon return of your twelve numbers and payment of \$1.50 we will send you a volume of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, bound in green cloth, together with a little page and table of contents. Q.—What is the price of your October, 1906, number and the February, 1907, number? A.—1906 numbers are 35 cents each, 1907 numbers are 25 cents each.

Charles, Lancaster.—Q.—What are your rates for binding the years 1905 and 1906? A.—Upon return of twelve numbers, \$1.50. See answer above.

F. E. N., Chicago.—Q.—Will you kindly publish one of Maxine Elliott's newest pictures? A.—See January and February, 1908, and also this issue.

Eaton, John.—Q.—Would you advise a one-month's course in a dramatic school for one who cannot afford to study longer? Can an engagement be obtained in the middle of the season? A.—One month is, of course, better than none, but you wouldn't accomplish much. It is difficult to obtain an engagement late in the season.

A Constant Reader, Boston.—Elsie Janis is that young lady's correct name. Her full name is Elsie Janis Bierpower. She was born March 16th, 1889.

E. H. C.—Q.—When did Gertrude Elliott appear in "The Light That Failed"? A.—In 1903.

X. J.—Q.—Who played José in "The Pretty Sister of José" with Maude Adams? A.—Edgar Selwyn. Q.—What is Eleanor Robson playing this season? A.—"Salomy Jane."

A. M. K., Buffalo.—Q.—Would it be possible for me to secure an engagement with a dramatic company without any training whatsoever? A.—We doubt it.

C. C.—Q.—Will Dustin Farnum and Robert Edeson play in New Orleans this season? A.—It is probable the tours of both named actors will include New Orleans.

M. A. G., So. Orange.—Q.—Where does the Aborn Opera Company go in the winter? A.—En tour. A.—Blanche Morrison and Robert Lett are no longer with the company.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—In what back issues of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE have pictures of Maude Adams appeared? A.—In many. Recently two portraits have appeared in February, 1908, the colored cover of April also June and October, 1906. Q.—Do you publish a different Players' Gallery every month? A.—No, every three months. A.—For your third question, write to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts for the information you wish.

Flora Gardner.—We can only suggest that you apply to dramatic agencies.

C. L. B., Brookline, Mass.—Q.—Is it true that Maude Adams is to play "Peter Pan" during the Christmas holidays every year? A.—There has been no announcement to that effect.

Diana W.—Q.—Was Maude Adams in vaudeville in 1908? A.—No.

Rochester, Indiana.—Q.—Tell me something concerning Walker Whiteside. A.—A well-known Shakespearian actor, and born in Logansport, Ind., March 16, 1869. Walker Whiteside made his professional debut in Chicago in "Richard III," at the early age of fifteen. Since that time he has appeared chiefly in Shakespearian roles.

Maude Vivian. Marie Doro is now in London. She filled an engagement in Chicago some time in February last. The following are pieces in which Miss Doro has been seen: "The Billionaire," "The Girl from Kays," "Little Mary," "Granny," "Friguet," "The Dictator," "Sherlock Holmes," "Clarice," "The Morals of Marcus."

A Little Boy Admirer—Harry Woodruff will continue to star in "Brown of Harvard." We cannot for the present fill any orders for photographs of artists.

Cecile Stallman.—It is probable that Anna Held did not wear a blue dress in every performance of "The Parisian Model." Blue is the color of the dress she wore at the time she sat for the portrait on our September, 1907, cover.

X. Y. Z.—Q.—Can you tell me where and in what plays Adele Ritchie and Ross and Fenton are playing? A.—Adele Ritchie is appearing in vaudeville. Ross and Fenton were recently in the cast of the burlesque of "The Merry Widow" at Weber's Music Hall, New York.

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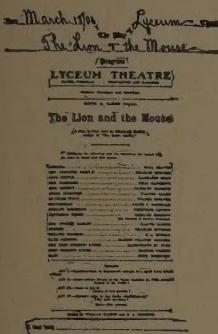
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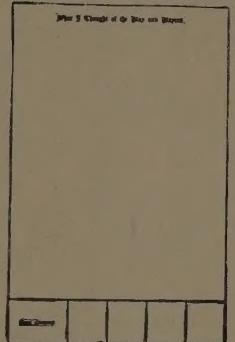
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NEW YORK

Nellie M. Stimpson.—Q.—Is Maxine Elliott Miss Elliott's correct name? A.—She is the daughter of Thomas Dermot. Q.—Have you ever interviewed her? A.—Yes, in our November issue of 1903. Q.—Give a short sketch of her life. A.—Born in Rockland, Me., much of her childhood was spent on the ship of which her father was captain. She was a student of the Convent of Notre Dame, Roxbury, Mass. In 1890 she made her first stage appearance with E. S. Willard in "The Middleman." Later she became member of Rose Coghlan's company. She was also engaged by Augustin Daly. In 1896 she became Nat Goodwin's leading woman. In 1903 she starred in "Her Own Way," then in "Her Great Match," "Under the Greenwood Tree" and recently "Myself Betina."

J. G. E.—Q.—In what is Laura Nelson Hall now appearing? A.—In "Girls." Q.—About when will that play come to Cleveland? A.—We are unable to say.

Your Reader.—Q.—In what is H. B. Warner appearing this season? A.—In "Salomé Jane." Q.—Please tell me something about him. A.—Born in England, he is the son of Charles Warner, the well-known English actor. His first success was in "It's Never Too Late to Mend." In 1905 he came to this country and in 1906 appeared in "Nurse Marjorie." Q.—In what numbers have appeared pictures of him? A.—In September, 1906.

N. G. L.—Q.—Where and at what price may I procure photographs of Maude Adams? A.—See answer to A Little Boy Admirer. Q.—How can I get poster of Maude Adams? By writing Meyer Bros., 26 West Thirty-third street. Q.—What is Ethel Barrymore's best play? A.—We are unable to say.

E. W. T., Balt.—Q.—How may I procure copies of the posters reproduced in your May, 1907, number? A.—Communicate with the managers concerned in the different posters.

J. Schwartz, Texas.—Q.—Where may I procure a set of the post card pictures that were issued at the 150th performance of Eddie Foy in "The Orchid"? A.—Write to the management of "The Orchid."

Constant Reader.—Q.—What did Maude Adams play last season? A.—"The Jesters." Q.—Are the large posters of Maude Adams as Peter Pan still on sale? A.—Yes. Q.—Can back numbers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE be purchased from the publishers? A.—Yes. Meyer Bros., 26 West Thirty-third street, publishers.

George W. Goodman.—This is the cast of "The Tourists," played at the Majestic Theatre, New York, in March, 1907, and which very probably is the same which was played in Atlantic City later that spring: John Duke, Robert Aliger; Timothy Todd, Richard Golden; Benjamin Blossom, Charles W. Meyers; Gopal Singh, Albert Froom; Askeemo, Fred Frear; Noorian, Charles Arding; Loofah Alfred Cahill; Kalish, F. Kek Schilling; Ram Dow, George E. Romain. Mr. Blossom's daughters: Dora, Clara Inge; Caroline, Edna Broderick; Katherine, Louise Barthel; Dorothy, Beatrice McKay; Eleanor, Lillian Lorraine; Letitia Hemmingway, Marguerite Starr; Princess Chalutti, Elizabeth Spencer; Julie Jeeloo, Georgia O'Ramey; Archie Lawrence, Fred Cousins; Reginald Wilberforce, Irwin Kramer; Gregory Marston, E. L. Sullivan; Theo. Washington, Jackson Carlyle.

R. M. D., Worcester, Mass.—Q.—In what numbers have you published pictures from "The Great Divide"? A.—In November, 1906. Q.—Have you interviewed Margaret Anglin? A.—Yes, in April, 1902. Q.—Will she be seen in Worcester this season? A.—It is not likely, as she will not again play in America this season.

M. L. S., Louisville.—Q.—Where can I obtain five-cent postal of Viola Allen? A.—At almost any stationer's.

S. W., Northampton.—Q.—Where was Dorothy Donelly last season? A.—In "The Lion and the Mouse" on the road. She will be seen this coming season in a new play by Charles Klein.

G. E.—Q.—Where is Elizabeth Valentine playing? A.—We are unable to say.

C. L. D.—Q.—Can you tell me who Weber & Field's dancing woman was until about one year ago, and what nationality was she? A.—In 1904 the firm of Weber & Field's dissolved partnership. From 1905 to the spring of 1907 Marie Dressler was one of the principal attractions at Weber's Broadway Music Hall. She was born Canada.

Dorothy.—Q.—Have you a Players' Gallery which contains a portrait of Maude Adams? A.—We have. Q.—Will you soon publish a picture of her in THE THEATRE? —On the April cover of 1908 appears a portrait in colors of Maude Adams. Also, two pictures in the February, 1908, number. Q.—Who was Maude Adams' leading man in "The Jesters"? A.—Fred Eric.

A. E. H., St. Louis.—As your request is quite out of line, we regret we are unable to help you.

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Actress Loses Memory

A special cable to the New York Times from Paris says that during the fourth act of Victor Hugo's "Marion de Lorme" on July 15 at the Comédie Française Mlle. Delvair, one of the most charming of the younger actresses in the company, who played the title rôle, was suddenly affected with aphasia, and from then on was unable to remember a single word of her part. In spite of this she insisted upon playing the fifth act, which consists of a conversation with Didier, whose part was acted by Albert Lambert.

Mlle. Delvair was entirely unable to read the speeches of Marion, and stood silent on the stage while Lambert read his lines. Nowhere but on the stage of the Comédie Française could such a scene have taken place. Many of the audience, completely overcome by the condition of the actress, left the theatre, and the final curtain fell accompanied by a general sigh of relief.

Never had the young actress played the first three acts so well as she did that night. In the fourth act, where Marion throws herself at the feet of the King to ask for Didier's pardon, the actress suddenly lost her memory. Mounet Sully, Georges Berr tried in every way to assist her so she could leave the stage without the audience realizing her condition. The other actors were forced to use all their ingenuity in order to finish the scene.

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Books Received

"The Shakespeare Problem Restated." By George Greenwood, M.P. Ill. 523 pp. London, Hodder Head.

Official Theatrical Guide. By Julius Cahn. Ill. 854 pp. New York, Julius Cahn, Empire Theatre Building.

"The Art of Singing and Vocal Declamation." By Sir Charles Santley. 143 pp. New York, The Macmillan Company.

"The Technique of the Novel." By Charles F. Horne, Ph.D. New York, Harper Bros.

"The Lure of the Mask." By Harold MacGrath. Ill. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"The Coast of Chance." By Esthère and Lucia Chamberlain. Ill. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill Company.

"Diana of Dobson's." By Cecily Hamilton. Ill. New York, The Century Company.

"True Stories of Crime." By Arthur Train. Ill. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Princess Dehra." By John Reed Scott. Ill. Philadelphia and London, J. B. Lippincott Company.

"Climbing Up to Nature." By Florence J. Lewis. Ill. Boston, C. M. Clark.

"The Scarecrow, or the Glass of Truth." A tragedy by Percy MacKaye. 179 pp. New York, The Macmillan Company.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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Plans for the Opera

It is announced that Signor Toscanini, the new conductor, and Emmy Destinn, the Bohemian dramatic soprano, will both make their débuts at the Metropolitan on the opening night of the season, November 16, when an entirely new production of "Aida" will be given. This was decided upon at the recent conference of Giulio Gatti-Casazza, Andreas Dippel and Alfred Hertz in Vienna. Aida is one of Fräulein Destinn's best rôles, so that the new soprano should be heard to advantage in making her first New York appearance. On the same evening Signor Amato, a new baritone from La Scala, will also make his American débüt. Enrico Caruso will sing Rhadames, as usual.

Since leaving Vienna Mr. Gatti-Casazza has spent a week in Paris, where he made partial arrangements for the exclusive rights of some new French operas he hopes to produce at the Metropolitan. He also made negotiations for the engagement of new singers for the French wing of the company and inspected the new designs for the scenery for "Aida."

At least seven novelties will be given during the first season of the new régime. These will include Eugen d'Albert's "Tiefland," with Alfred Hertz conducting; Puccini's early opera "Le Villi," Catalan's "La Wally" and Raoul Laparra's "La Habanera," under Signor Toscanini's baton, and Tschaikowsky's "Pique-Dame" and Smetana's "Die verkaufte Braut," under Gustav Mahler's direction. The seventh novelty will be produced in English. It is not yet definitely decided upon, but it is expected that Goldmark's "Cricket on the Hearth" will be chosen.

Besides "Aida," several other repertoire operas will be provided with new scenery, among them "Tristan und Isolde" and "The Marriage of Figaro," which will be revived under the direction of Gustav Mahler, who will resume his duties in December. In "The Marriage of Figaro" the principal female rôles will be sung by Marcella Sembrich, Emma Eames and Geraldine Farrar. Special productions will likewise be made of "Cavalleria Rusticana," Massenet's "Manon" and Verdi's "Falstaff."

In addition to the new singers already announced, the following artists have signed contracts: German baritones, Fritz Feinhals, of the Munich Court Theatre, and Walter Sooner, of the Leipsic Municipal Theatre; tenor, Signor Bada; sopranos, Frau Kasjhowska, of the Darmstadt Court Theatre, Fräulein Reizenberg, and Leonora Sparkes, of London; French contralto, Marianne Flahaut; bassos, MM. Bueros, Paterna, Ananian and Bozzano. The engagement of Matja von Niessen-Stone has already been noted. According to Mr. Dippel, the weekly salary list will reach \$80,000.

The chorus for the coming season will consist of 210 singers, while the orchestra will have 120 members in all. A second new Italian conductor will be Francesco Sperino, who will leave the Vienna Court Opera at the end of the present season. M. Speck, of the Paris Opéra, has been engaged as stage manager for Italian and French operas, while for the corps de ballet, which is being reorganized, Lodovico Sarocco of the Teatro San Carlos, Naples, has been engaged.—*Musical America*.